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THE
Poets of the Future

A College Anthology

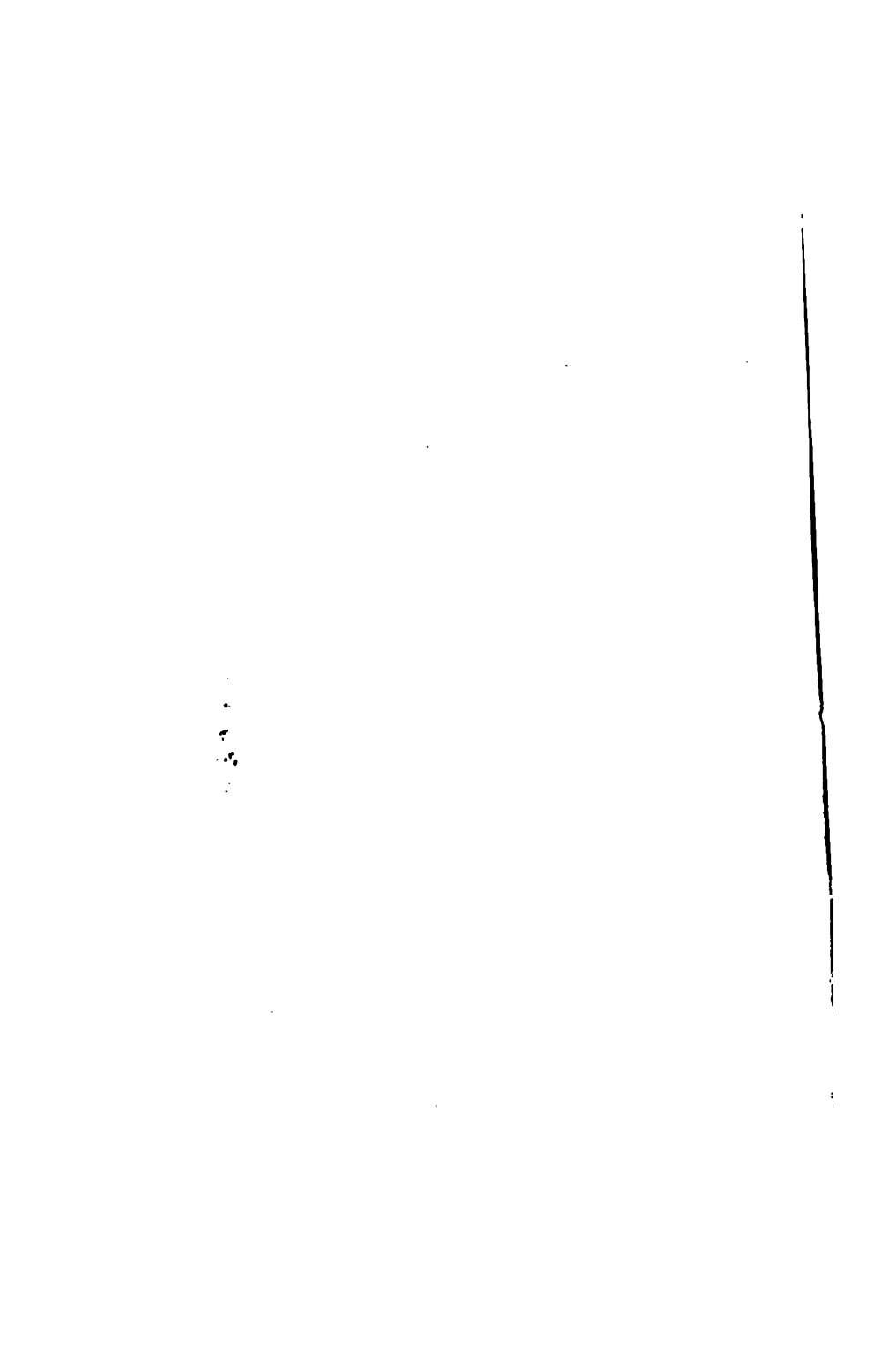
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THE POETS OF THE FUTURE



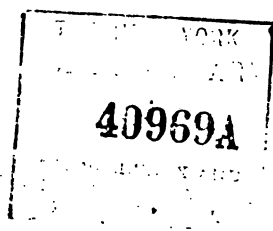
The Poets of the Future

*A College Anthology
for 1920-1921*

Edited by
HENRY T. SCHNITTKIND, Ph. D.



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To the
Singers of the Songs of Youth
This Volume is Dedicated
by the Editor



Preface

We beg to thank the college professors, the students, the editors of the various student magazines, and all the others who have generously co-operated in the compilation of this year's College Anthology.

Introduction

A MOST interesting, though indirect reflection on our present day literature is found in an advertisement of Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett" which I have just read. Part of this advertisement runs as follows:

"The play as published here contains two endings — the one originally written by Miss Gale, highly praised by the critics, but which did not find favor with the public — and a revised ending that proved more satisfactory to the theatregoers."

For five years we have been trying to select what to us has seemed to be the best poetry written by our college students. A very small number of the poets whose work has been published in the College Anthologies have subsequently produced creditable books of their own. Others, however, among them being the most promising originally, have thus far remained silent. Wherein lies the difficulty? I think it is in the struggle between the two endings of one's literary career, — the one approved by the worthwhile critics and the other demanded by the public, — that most of the promising talent dies a premature death.

INTRODUCTION

Among this year's group of college poets there are also a number who show distinct promise of better things to come. Will this promise be fulfilled or will it peter out in a "revised ending that will prove satisfactory to the theatregoers"? For the sake of poetry I hope that the authors of the best selections in this book will never descend to literary popularity. If they write sincerely *of* themselves *for* themselves, they are sure to hit upon the truth; but if they write *of* the multitude *for* the multitude, they are apt to produce that which they know not for those that care not. And, above all, may God save the Poets of the Future from the necessity of aiming for the editor's cheque, for that is the quickest and surest way to put a check upon true poetry.

The Editor.

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A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The Poets of the Future

JOSEPH C. LYONS

Washington University

They have bound our hearts together;
Set them out on life's great sea
Where the storms will surely drive us
Now and then into the lee.

But I hope, dear friends, we make it, —
Put our ships back on the main, —
Find our duly treasures waiting,
As old Time will sift the grain.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Mallards In February

CLEMENT SMITH

University of Michigan

Grey grass, brown leaves, and sunlit snow,
And the restless sound of the river's flow;
Gaunt black trees, and their blacker shadows,
Like great snakes out of the snowy meadows
Crawling down to the little river,
Twisting and crawling, nor moving ever.

Bluer than ever on August morn,
Through snow blown shores the river swings.
Over the brink, an ice-sheathed thorn
Trails, and a pointed ripple is born.
Hush! Three bright birds on vibrant wings
Drop at the bend where the eddy sings.

Three trim shapes by the willow tree;
Three colored splashes of green and brown;
A magic moment, and then they flee,
Around the bend, into mystery.
And over the trackless, snowy down
I turn my steps to the distant town.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Old Pan is afar in Arcady,
Where fields are green to his hairy knee;
Yet, down by the bend in the river's shore,
Where the tussock grasses are stiff and froze,
Laughing there, on the frozen sod,
Didn't I see the Goat-hoofed God?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

March Sky at Evening

TOM DAWSON

Washington University

In a cavalcade, the cobalt clouds,
Sweep grandly down the sky,
Like dark, proud warriors mounted on
Wild steeds, they hurry by.
Away from the East's mild pink and mauve
They go with zest to die.

No, — not to battle, — the Western sky
Is one wide inky wave, —
As dreadful as a catalfalque
Of some distinguished brave,
Whom fierce battalions honor
With escort to the grave.

And there is martial music
To speed their mounts along,
The wind booms down the highway
In a brusque barbaric song;
Relieved with sudden moaning
For Death's eternal wrong.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

And now, pink strips and violet walls
 Make music in the East,
As if there might be revelry
 At some funereal feast,
Where lots are cast for holdings
 Of the glorious deceased.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Fulfillment

MRS. CARRIE G. FLINT

Indiana University

Yesterday,
The spring rain, light as a baby's breath,
Mated on earth with the thirsty flame;
And the child, veil-born, by a rainbow nursed,
Lifted eager arms to the mother-hood of the sky,
To be folded close on the opal breast of a cloud —
To-day it rains on the quiet sod.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Let Us Partake of April

SAMUEL HELLER

Brown University

Let us partake of April,
Love, you and I —
The birches in our garden
Throb, white beneath the sky.

The yellow-purple pansies,
The blue forget-me-nots —
What gladness now betides them
In their grass-bordered plots!

And many a robin redbreast
Sings just beyond our door —
Let us partake of April,
Ere April is no more.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

May Song

ROSALIE DUNLAP

University of Michigan

May that comes on dancing feet
Lifts her mouth to you,
And her finger tips are cool
Dabbling in a sunny pool
And her wind blown hair is sweet
And her eyes are blue.

May that comes on dancing feet
Lifts her mouth to you,
Fragrant with the smell of earth
Wistful with a dream of birth
Warm with passions that entreat
Wet with honey-dew.

May that comes on dancing feet
Lifts her mouth to you,
Kiss her ere her time is past
Gaily — as it were the last,
Life the Giver is so fleet, —
Youth so soon is through.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The Rain

VIRGINIA CLAY HAMILTON

University of Kentucky

The straight, black rain rules the city tonight,
The old, old rain that was before man.
He is blurring the lights.
He is stamping out the street noises
With the clatter, clatter, clatter
Of his million marching feet.
He is a giant.
He sneers at the midgets
Who dash frantically about,
Brandishing umbrellas,
Puny weapons
To ward off the chilling touch of his fingers.
But his touch grows very tender to the tiny
 brown seeds
Who lie beneath the sod.
They wake and thrill to his hands as to a
 lover's —
The old, old rain that was before man.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Dandelions

BERNARD M. WAGNER

Campion College

On the green
Of the countryside,
In gaberdine
Of yellow, wandering far and wide,
For my heart
A little part
Of Springtime's joy you hold,
Outcroppings of live gold!

Bobs of ardent yellow!
Tumbled on the ground.
(Each a tousled fellow!)
You nod and bow around.
Perched on tender scions
In the air
Everywhere
Little dandelions!

With your brilliant valor
You chased the Winter's pallor,
Were first to woo the gentle blue-gowned
skies;

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

You made a gallant sally
On every hill and valley,
 And took all lawns and gardens by surprise.
Now with the birds' sweet rime,
 And insects' sleepy rune,
 And Pan's round-de-lay and tune,
You wait the summertime!

You little rogues o' mischief there —
That chat and straggle on the lawn!
With dewy heads at peep o' dawn
 You shake, and blinking at the day,
 You're off upon your merry play.
You are the sprites of "Never-care."
 In fairy ring or coterie
 You make a mellow glamourie.
The pleasant, gold sun sinking low
 Finds you so!
Content are you each with a yawn
To droop your heads just where you are,
Then slip to sleep in the fading glow,
To dream of the dusk and the evening star!

Little sparks o' Sunshine —
 (Harbingers of Spring!)
Gladdening with your presence
 Every blessed thing.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

On green grassy places
And hillsides seldom trod,
With your upturned faces
You smile on God!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Midsummer Meadows

CLYDE FRANCIS LYTLE *William and Mary College*

Touched by the glistening sun's celestial fire,
On trembling fronds the rain-drop lanterns
glow;

Where the wild thrush sings his daybreak note,
And swamp rose and the tawny lilies grow.

In meadows pied, the red-top bends to kiss
A black-eyed Susan, smiling, unashamed;
And dusty-headed timothy grieves o'er
Wee blue-grass flowers, by the mowers
claimed.

The milkweed entertains small butterflies,
From cups with luring, sparkling nectar filled,
Whose painted wings add dancing shade to
those
By Nature o'er the glowing landscape
spilled.

From swaying poplars on the dusty road,
The drought-fly strums his G-string, out of
tune;

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And the green crests of the sumacs bring forecasts
Of autumn's burgundy and rich maroon.

But lavish August still spreads gorgeous hues
Where startling, ardent saffron dots the way,
And crimson-tinted hawkweed hangs its head,
And pasture bloom breaks into golden spray.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Playmates

EUNICE RICE

New York State College

It is a bright October day.
Sunbeam and Shadow are at play.
Each a tiny little sprite,
One is dark and one is light.
Watch them play at skipping tag;
Sunbeam's "it" — the scalawag!
Now they romp at hide and seek;
'Round each shifting leaf they peek.
Shadow's hiding, Sunbeam's after.
Can't you almost hear their laughter?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Winter

F. EARL WARD

Oberlin College

The mad wind's raging o'er the hills to-night;
On wild, gaunt feet, naked I see him go,
Hurling with grim, blue-veinèd arms the snow,
And plucking at the trees with frenzied might.
Come, draw the shades — within's the cheery
bright

Of seasoned oak-hearts, setting cheeks aglow.
Where winds insanely rage I'll never know;
Enough to dream of faces in the light!
Lost faces! How I've chased you since you
went,

Desire like vagrant winds compelling me,
But caught you here in firelight's fleeting art.
Dear faces! Was't to teach me you were sent
That Yearning howls o'er hill and grave and
tree,
But Mem'ry comes as firelight to the heart?

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Snowfall

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Columbia University Law School

The clouds piled high,
A jumble of tattered pillows lie,
And down thru every opened rift
White feather-dust sifts. . . .

Or it may be a million, million butterflies,
Tiny, white, ephemeral,
In this strange Spring are fluttering
Within the huge net of the skies.

By noon a church nearby,
Surmounted by a wooden steeple,
Suggests a white fool's cap to passing people . . .

Within, a marriage has been celebrated;
And now, as there emerge
The two just mated,
Their happy friends about them surge,
Throwing white rice elated.
The old, old sky joins in

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

In no such manner petty,
For it is shaking down
Whole heaps of white confetti.

An idle fellow such as I
Sits making metaphors,
While aldermen to-night will curse
The bandages upon the traffic sores.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The Wail of the North Wind

PAUL E. LANDRY

Clark University

From o'er the barren, leafless hills,
The North Wind shrieks and drones,
As if in anguish wrung, it shrills,
Then dies to sighs and moans.

A wild, weird lullaby it sings,
Lonely and bleak and drear,
To notes of pathos deep, it clings,
A murmuring song of fear.

Boreas seems to dread the past;
In dulcet tones he pleads
For victims of his uncurbed blast,
Whose souls cry out his deeds.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Frost

VERNA BAYLES

Wilson College

Her heart is bleak
As a wind-swept street in late autumn,
And as still.
Only her dust-brown thoughts
Stir drily now and then,
Like dead, brown leaves that blow
About the street,
In sudden gusts of autumn wind.

Her thoughts were bright once,
And fair as green, young leaves . . .
But there came one
Whose touch was as the first white frost . . .
Her thoughts have withered, and fallen,
One by one. . . .
She turns dull, listless eyes
Upon the glory of a summer day.

Her heart is bleak
As a wind-swept street in late autumn,
And as still.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Nature Song

A. Y. JAMESON

University of Minnesota

I

Love me, dreamer,
Make songs for me, poet,
For I am green and pale gold.

I am the dark hair of night,
And the perfume of clover fields,
I am the softness of a woman's throat,
And the call of the salt sea.

Dream of me, dreamer,
Sing for me, poet . . .
Love me . . . you fools!

II

Man, I do not forget —
Time was when I held my trees dear,
But you cut them with cold edges
And burnt them to warm yourself.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Clutching gold and silver to my bosom
I was silent when you ripped my bosom
To get the gold and silver,
But I do not forget —

I thought my mountains impregnable in their
stone loftiness,
But you have augered through them,
And flung your steel ribbons over bottomless
gulfs.

I joyed in the rush of my waters and the wildness
of my wind,
But you have devised keels that laugh at my
waters,
You have built machines that surmount my wind.
Man, man, I do not forget —

III

My wrath is black as charred wood when I sweep
through my forests with feet of fire.
My hate is molten as the stone I buried Pompeii
under,
Cold as the iceberg I hurled against the Titanic.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

My anger is the whiteness of snows,
unending. . . .
blinding. . . .

And over my mountains hang the ghosts of rocks
broken by your blasts, man.
Through my rivers swim the ghosts of fish caught
in your nets, man.
Phantom secrets mock my brain, secrets that you
wring from me.
But my rage is a white avalanche,
The earth opening and swallowing a city.
My anger is fearful desolation. . . .
and I do not forget.

IV

Sing of my greenness, world of men,
Dream in my soft evenings
With the women you love;
Drift over my lakes and plunge your hands
into the cool water —
I am very beautiful. . . .

But some day
I will leap like a red flame

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

With the ghosts of a million wrongs gibbering in
my ears.

Some day I will start like a slash of pain
and my broken branches
and gutted hills
Shall be avenged!

And you and your gods
Consumed!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

World Wonder

NANCY ELLEN WHITE

Mills College

I have grown strong with walking 'neath tall
trees,
Endurance learned from patient gray-rocked
hills;
Have faced with fearlessness the high-flung
breeze
That tears the petaled gold of daffodils.
But now that Spring has swept her hearthstone
clean
And lighted fires of youth, and life, and play,
I turn away with strange doubt, unforeseen,
For, world, you are too beautiful — today.
The pale-robed dawn too quickly came this morn,
With startled eyes new blossoms woke to view
Their own reflected loveliness, or scorn
The clear bright mirror of the heaven's blue.
Let me not stir — lest the slight sound should
wake
A sleeping bird — whose song my heart would
break!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Dew In the Grass

VIRGINIA MOORE

Hollins College

Shining and slender and wistful
Morning comes over the hills
And clinging about her garments' hem
Is the fragrance of daffodils.

Often I follow her footprints
Marked by the dew in the grass, —
Jewels that fall from her wind-blown hair,
Gleam as her light feet pass.

But now like the Morning I'm wistful:
Not jewels that fall from her hair
Are the glistening points on the tips of the grass,
But tears that the Night left there.

High Noon

EDWARD W. STRONG

Stanford University

Hill and a hill — one green, one blue,
A sky of cotton clouds;
The sun behind scarce peeping through
At fields in shadow shrouds.

A drowsy hum and purple haze
Arise on waves of heat —
A little swirl of dust up-sways
Scuffed by the wind's hot feet.

A lazy hawk 'twixt sky and earth
Hangs poised o'er green hedged rows,
There seems to be no death or birth
And nothing dies or grows.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Silver Moment

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY

Columbia University

Now that the day is ending, and the sun
Has shed its last dull gold on purple hills,
Now that each leaf is mute, and the hushed air
fills

With the grey heaviness of silence spun
By hidden hands, and silver winds have fled
Taking the laughter from the sun-flaked grasses,
Now as the footfall of this moment passes, —
Give thanks for sadness, let no word be said.

I shall accept this moment pure, immense,
And in the useless loveliness of things
My thoughts shall find the world's one recom-
pense

For all the sorrows that it brought; and I
Shall dream old dreams, till night has poised its
wings
And the first white star blossoms in the sky.



A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Evening Song

FREDERICK H. LAPE

Cornell University

Glow of the evening west,
Breath of the sun at rest,
 Fade slowly;
Kissing the quiet Night,
Mingling with her thy light,
 Fade slowly, slowly.

Star of the evening sky,
As sunset colors die
 Shine softly;
Lustre of world unknown,
Braving the west alone,
 Shine softly, softly.

Breeze of the evening air,
Fresh from thy clover lair,
 Blow gently.
Banish the day's dread heat,
Breathing with odors sweet;
 Blow gently, gently.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Moon of the cooling night,
Silver the fields with light,
 Gleam brightly.
Touch thou the murmuring stream;
O'er it with golden gleam
 Play lightly, lightly.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Night

WARREN FREDERIC LEWIS *Stanford University*

Night is but a silken web of black
That stretches over all the universe,
Wherein that waiting, one-eyed spider moon
Keeps watch for struggling star-flies which
 traverse
 Her ebony domain.

But tender dawn comes riding on the morn,
And sweeps from out the sky, the web of black,
Releasing all the star-flies caught therein,
Which loosed, soon vanish in a hurried flight —
 And all is light again.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Nocturne

S. ELIZABETH AXTELL

University of Southern California

Just a breath across the tall dry grass —

I heard it pass.

Then all was still ;

Deep silence settled on the lonely hill.

I waited, wondering why the moon amid

The silver veil of trailing clouds was hid.

The cold stars shivered in the vast, dark blue

And waited too.

Far down below, the city's roar and rush

Rose up to mock the silence and the hush.

But there, up there upon the hill

All was so still

I heard it pass —

A sighing breath across last summer's grass.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Claire De Lune

WALTER B. WOLFE

Dartmouth College

Thru a thousand tiny panes
The moonlight filters
Stippling the figured rugs
Of Chateau Rococo
With tracery of lace . . .

The old spinet tinkles a minuet
And the Copenhagen dancing-master
Leads the blue-eyed Copenhagen lady
Thru a graceful measure
Over the smooth lacquer
Of the velvet-black mantel . . .

The pale cameo cheeks
Of the gilded miniature princess
Blush with pleasure :
Prince Amadeus has seen her —
From the rainbow tapestry
He sighs amorously
To clasp her rounded breasts
Penciled by moonbeams . . .

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Alas! in vain . . .
The meshes of the Gobelin
Hold him prisoned on the wall,
Forever singing his sprightly serenade
Thrumming his green-ribboned lute
Below his love's window . . .

The moonlight has waned,
Fading the lace designs
Silhouetted on the figured rugs.
The spinet is stilled
And the dancers whisper softly
On the black lacquer mantel . . .
With morning
The fragrance of a myriad jasmine blossoms
Wafts through the window . . .

Mockery

KATHARINE D. RIGGS *Mt. Holyoke College*

Happened that the moon was up before I went
to bed,
Poking through the bramble-trees her round
gold head.
I didn't stop for stocking,
I didn't stop for shoe,
But went running out to meet her—oh, the
night was blue!

Barefoot down the hill road, dust beneath my
toes;
Barefoot in the pasture smelling sweet of fern
and rose!
Oh, night was running with me,
Tame folks were all in bed—
And the moon was just showing her wild gold
head!

But before I reached the hilltop where the
bramble-trees are tall,
I looked to see my lady moon—she wasn't
there at all!—

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Not sitting on the hilltop,
Nor slipping through the air,
Nor hanging in the brambles by her bright gold
hair!

I walked slowly down the pasture and slowly
up the hill,
Wondering and wondering, and very, very
still.

I didn't look behind me,
I went at once to bed —
And poking through the window was her bold
gold head!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The Old Night Wind

ORA R. MOHN

Cornell College

The Old Night Wind
Presses his smudgy cloak about me
And walks beside.
“I am old”, he says, and pauses —
“Older than Thebes;
I am strong, even stronger than Ocean
Whose mane I shake —
I bear tender tales for those who listen.
The misty stars in my old black hat
Are white dream ashes
Of Attic dreamers!”

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Fantasy

JULIA HARDY

University of Illinois

There's a tricky moon in the sky to-night,
And the world is doing a thousand things;
The trees lifting longing arms to light,
Sway to the song that the darkness sings.

The fireflies are loves which were never born,
The moon is more cruel than dead dreams
are —

I've tangled my hair in the white hawthorn,
And wounded my heart on a pointed star!

To Night

PETER H. DEVRIES

Hope College

O night, thou wast not meant to be a time
Of godlessness and sin; a passive bride
To leering, drunken Lust; a cloak to hide
The darker deeds of Wantonness and Crime:
Thine is a nobler mission, more sublime
Than even that of sun-kissed day, whose
pride
Is now deep-buried in the shameful tide
Of foul disease that oozes from thy slime.
Recall, O night, thine ancient purity, —
The shepherds dumb before thy jewelled brow,
The angel chorus ringing out Christ's
birth:
Best teacher of true majesty art thou,
Thy stars the emblems of Eternity —
O, teach anew thy glory to the earth!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Moon Fancies

W. POWELL JONES

Emory University

The moon is a pilgrim pale,
Climbing the troubled sky;
The cold and fitful moonbeams sail
From a restless and clouded eye.

The moon is a sailor bold,
Daring the milky sea —
Long lines of scurrying clouds unfold
And set the heavens free!

The moon is a nightingale,
Afloat on the wings of song —
Her note is on the dream-ship's sail;
To lovers her dreams belong.

The moon is my fairy love,
Lulled in the bosom of night —
The stars of a thousand worlds above
Have crowned her beauty with light.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

L'ENVOI

Oh, let my argosy's flight
Come back through the streaming mist,
For I've been abroad with the moon to-night,
And the morning comes, dew-kissed.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Jest Restin'

A. A. LUTHER

Otterbein College

My idea
Of restin'
Is to go down to th' Crick
And lay down on th' bank
Near a riffle
An' jest lay an' think an' listen
Or maybe
Jest lay an' listen.
An' hear th' cow bell
Janglin' soft like
Way down in th' paster lot:
An' watch th' ants
Tote a dead bug
Up one side of a stick and down t'other.
(Dern little fools!)
An' chase flies off yer nose
An' feel sorta tickled
When th' ol' toad
Settin' under a cool leaf
Ketches one.
An' along comes an ol' scamp of a blue jay

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

An' screeches at ye
An' a sassy little red squirrel
Drops hunks o' bark on ye
An' orders ye offen his earth:—
I wonder if they's any red squirrels
An' blue jays in Heaven?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Wind

ALVIN BRUCH *College of the City of New York*

A disobedient and boisterous child,
Turned out of doors until his ways improve,
Sulks about the barn and the house-corners —
Whimpering, half regretful, half defiant.

He whistles with a fretful cheeriness,
Secretly vexed they do not call him in;
He tries the door and finds it barred against
him,
He rattles at the panes with new impatience.

His sob becomes a wail, his wail a shriek;
In sudden rage he rushes through the garden,
Uprooting greens and shattering the corn-
stalks,
Sending the ducklings scampering for shelter.

Then, his strength failing, his anger lessens, —
A tearful sorrow-softness possesses him;
He whispers through the ear of the iron lock
Dear promises of love and gentleness.

His spirit is subdued, his voice repentant.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

To a Mud Puddle

FORMAN G. BROWN *University of Michigan*

So brown, so dirty by the gutter wall,
You stand a blemish to the eyes of men;
They look at you, or see you not at all,
And shun you while you rise to clouds again.

Yet he who gazes on your murky face
Sees pictures there of things as far above
His head as God Himself; The willow grace
Of tree, swift-scudding clouds, or circling dove.

So is it with our lives; in hidden deeps
We only see the wrong, nor stoop nor care
To find the heart of purest gold which sleeps
Within the muddy water resting there.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

To the Wild-Rose

RUTH NAOMI LECHLITNER

Michigan Agricultural College

Poets have sung to you beautiful songs,
Little pink-dressed wanderer, —
But you are so small, and life is so big, and
words are so few,
That I thought:
What remains for me to tell of you,
Or for you to give to the world?

And then — a girl's tired face
Looked down upon you there:
Forgotten dreams played in young eyes again;
And a flush as sweet
As your morning color crept into her cheeks.

A ragged beggar stopped beside the road
To eat his bread and butter;
He did not say grace,
But he touched you, softly, before he ate,
With a grimy finger that trembled,
And a new light shone in his dull, hungry eyes.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

A little wife cried because her husband
scolded her.

But when he came home that evening
He told her about the rose beside the path;
They smiled, and the ache was gone,
And there was the peace of love in two souls
again.

Before your soft, pink eyelids closed in sleep
Under the shining stars,
A broken-winged butterfly fluttered to your
heart
And lingered there, to die.

Little wild-rose, God lives in you:
And that is why I know
That to the end of Time songs will be sung
Anew to you; and that the wonderment
Of miracles shall never pass away.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Garden

GEORGIA CURRAN GREER

Goucher College

I

The world is a garden to-night —
And a beautiful Lady walks in it
Cool — aloof — remote —
I see her thru rifts in the wall —
The soft mist wall of clouds.
Her hair is shadowy, dusky —
And her cloak is of glimmering silver.
The flowers nod as she passes,
And each twinkles in welcome.

II

And the Earth is the still, dark Pond
In the midst of the garden
Where the myriad fire-flies whirl,
In a mad, senseless dance,
And noisy insects, blinded, reel and hum
And tiny fishes make their little ripples!
The weeds are rank, treacherous, slippery —

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

These weeds that, long ago, were Water-lilies
Like the tranquil face of a God.
These have grown old — and died —
The world is a garden, to-night.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Cloud Pictures

GRACE RUTHENBURG

DePauw University

I

STORM CLOUDS

Half bright, half dark, ringed and sweeping,
Vagrant flames of Paradise
That hither float and yonder rise —
Goblin glamour, spirit form;
The wild, sweet aftermath of storm!

II

WIND FACES

Terrible, pitiful faces, wind-painted on the sky,
I pass you by,
With a curse for the painter that daubed you
there —
Bitterly beautiful, hauntingly fair —
Grinned — and left you to dry.

III

WINTER RAIN

Grey-brown streets and grey brown houses;
Back of the snarled trumpet-vine

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The roof of the chicken coop streaked with
rain;

The shivering milk weed again;
Night shirts stiffen on the line.

Snaky arms and legs of trees

Poke jagged holes in the flat-faced sky.

Tears go sliding down their trunks

That the wind wipes off as it chortles by.

The rain drips down on a dribbling day;
And Christmas a week away!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

I Would Give Gold

STASH JASTROW

Campion College

I'd give a bag of yellow gold
To have the joy the jongleurs hold.

When tired of work — oh, it is bliss
To know the wonder of all this:

A jongleur at his languid rest
Upon the earth's green, tender breast,

And growing fresh with bergamot —
A hillside sunlight-splashed and shot

With tiny wild flowers, growing white.
Oh, the jongleur's heart is light.

A gentle, wandering gypsy breeze
Lingers in the apple trees,

Trees that drip of argentine.
Skylarks singing dip, careen

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Among the clouds that wander by,
Bluebirds, bits of the blue sky,

Sit and flutter in the branches
Starting flower-avalanches

To the grass, cool, smooth and tender
Heaping it with sudden splendor.

I'd give a bag of yellow gold
To have the joy the jongleurs hold.

When tired of work — oh, it is bliss
To know the wonder of all this.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Phlox

MILTON R. BAKER

Campion College

Through a cretonne-curtained window
Show the oblong beds of phlox
Luring fan-winged butterflies
To seek with black and cobalt eyes
The honey-drops. Then satiate they fluttering
go

Otherwhere. A bit of Summer's passing show
Trundling o'er the hollyhocks
That walk to meet the hedge of box.

The phlox flame as a strip of sunset-sky
Dropped upon a deep green bed.
(So they show
Through the cretonne-curtained window!)
A thousand varied, flaring flames,
Fuchsine, scarlet, carmine, red.
Luring butterflies on high
To come and drink. Butterflies
With peacock wings aglow
And with black and cobalt eyes.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Pallid Poppy

PAUL R. ECKERSON MAY

University of California

I walked the shore of day's ocean ;
A scintilla, out-shone
By the battering effulgence of breakers,
Tranquilly burgeoned near my path
At the ebb.

Its flame hid among stems of wild oats and
barley ;
I parted them with my hands ;
Caressing deep-cut green-gray foliage
I searched down along a succulent stalk
To the earth, still sun-warm :
I proved your all, my pallid poppy.

Then, jealous my ravishment should be unique,
A heel scrubbed that last ember into dark.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Karma

A TRIOLET

MARY M. MATHESON

University of Southern California

When Sirmio's laughing waves flaunt crests of
gold,

A breath of endless Time blows o'er the sea ;
I am the Nile's proud Queen in Egypt old,
When Sirmio's laughing waves flaunt crests of
gold ;

Alone I stand ; the deathless stars shine cold ;
And then — across the sand you come to me ;
When Sirmio's laughing waves flaunt crests of
gold ;

A breath of endless Time blows o'er the sea.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Behind the Falls

LEE M. NEIDOFFER *University of California*

You've seen below the falls how bubbles flake
Swift-moving waters; how each throbbing
weight

Of convoluted jade or alabaster
When it plumbs the depths of swirling pools
Comes surfaceward all shot with fairy foam,
With winding flashes of the sun, and quick,
Elusive rainbows in the swirling green.
So also are there grey, forsaken falls,
Bereft of sun and shadows, where the flood
Pours soundlessly in sullen channels, dark,
Below impassive clefts and battlements;
But in these places only bloody froth
Goes circling through the caves and crevices.

It's only in the sun that bubbles rise,
To burst in opal pools, or curve in lines
And snake-processions down the stream . . I
think

Whoever blows the bubbles hides behind
The shimmering curtains of a fall, for you

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Can see white fingers start the bubbles down
The wavering slope; and you can hear glad
 voices,
When the bubbles flash down fast, to leap
In sunlight and to frost the eddies.

Falls

Are veils that someone hides behind. I know,
But I shall never look . . . I saw a bird,
A brown bird of the water once, fly through
A jade-green fall; and white hands thrust him
 back
Into the sun, and he flew dripping down
The stream, his shadow sliding by the rocks
And flashing in the quiet shoals. That's how
I know a someone hides behind a fall,
To peer into a world of jade, where rocks
And trees are all a tremble in the green,
Soft lightning of the sun, to cup small hands
And send the bubbles glistening down among
White spray . . . I know, but I shall never
 look.

The Mocking-Bird

W. ERWART MATTHEWS

Baylor University

I sat alone at evening.
The furtive shadows crept along the hillsides,
And crouched like hunted felons in the under-
brush;
They wrapped their stringy arms about the
trees
And hugged the gaunt trunks to their wraith-
like breasts;
They poised interminable moments on the
water's edge —
Then so it seemed,
They sighed quite audibly,
And sank down limply on the grey green lake.
The sky was grimly dark,
Impenetrable as some great curtain,
Shutting man from God.
One star,
Adventuresome and chivalrous,
Opened the curtains of the purplish blue,
Standing forth,
Boldly as a champion,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Darting tentative rapier-thrusts of light into
the vast.

So keen, so cruel were they,
That the dark cried out in pain
And fled,
Leaving a zone of silver haze about the star.
The moon climbed up above the farthest rim
of the far purple hills,
And panting lay,
Flushed with exertion,
On the opal clouds —
Gashed,
Darkly bleeding from the long climb's wounds,
Until her face grew wan and hollow pale.

Unseen, ghost-fingered hands
From out the gloom reached down into my
heart,
And struck
A strange deep discord that snapt all
Its taut, frayed strings.
And, like the water through a broken dam,
The torrent of my thousand memories sad
Bore down into my soul,
And flooded all my being with a high despair,
And so,
I sat there like a stone or carven wood.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

From some dim distance
Came a thrilling note, thrilled an ecstatic
 moment,
Melting then
Into a perfect soothing melody —
Full-throated message of that Spirit-bird,
Singing all songs of every bird of God to one
 poor broken creature of the trodden dust.
The shadows held dim mysteries of love;
The star was one far light to lead me home;
The moon washed out my healed soul with her
 rays;
The night breathed cool scents of the lily lake;
The mocking-bird sang on and so did I.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Spirit In the Storm

E. F. BARROWS

Brown University

See, across the frozen vale,
Where winds the river, locked and pale,
The hills are growing dim and gray;
Cheeping, cheeping birds all day
Promised us our trysting storm;
— Ghost of Nellie, are you warm? —

Long last night I watched the cold
Vasty shapes across the sky,
Lighted by one bleary eye,
Slowly to their places rolled.
Now upon the mountain's peak,
Let the gray old storm-god speak.

Lo! the first lone crystal white,
Still uncertain where to light,
Wavering, falling, swerving past,
Caught among the rocks at last.
Another follows in his wake; —
Leaders of an endless host,
How they brave the unknown coast!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Coming, coming, flake on flake,
Driven by a veiled night,
Folding us in drifting white.
They like cold and winter, too,
Nellie-ghost, and so do you.

Once you loved the summer time;
Now, instead, the ferny rime
That trims the withered grass, or how
Could I know you near me now,
And have tramped the warm nights thru,
Waiting for a word from you?

Happy, since you've come at last,
Let's explore the woods again;
See, the snow is falling fast;
Here's the path for us to follow
Down into the sheltered hollow
That was always "Nellie's Glen,"
Where the first arbutus grew,
Where the squirrel scolded you,
For he risked the lowest limb
And you would not look at him;—
Ah, but this is winter now;
On the old oak's twisted form
Few dead leaves still cling, but how
They stir and whisper in the storm!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

As the sere leaves to the snow,
Whisper to me while we go
Whither drives the stormy wind
That fills the fading trail behind.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The Alarm

CHARLES A. WAGNER

Columbia University

From the heart of the tender sparrow,
From the throat of the careless jay,
One note was in the singing
Of the flying-songs that day.

From the breath of the early lilac
From its pink and purple flower,
One worried whispered fragrance
That told the Day, the Hour,

And all the meadow places
Stirred with the lovely word;
Then suddenly the wind came down,
Hid in the grass, and heard.

And over the hills the warning went
To the Valley and violet Wood,
The rustling of the big-tops
Told that it understood. . . .

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

From the sun on the dancing rivers,
From the rim of the rising moon,
Out of the liquid shadows
One pastoral, one tune . . .

Over the sleepy meadows
Into the trees it ran,
Thrilling blade and branch and bird
With one alarm: A man!

The City that Lost Its Faith

RICHARD JOHNSON BROYLES *Emory University*

The city has lost its faith.
The black smoke that puffs and curls over the
 roofs told me so.
The great image of Bacchus that sports in the
 banker's yard said so.
The crook who stole the automobile of the
 banker,
And the wife of the banker, who entertains
 governors,
And her daughter, the debutante,
Published it in the papers — the crook on the
 front page, and the wife and the daughter
 in the society column.
The Honorable Joseph Bagman, the Senator,
 told me so in a public speech.
And a little child, with the face of a cherub,
 whose clothes were ragged, and who was
 eating a piece of molded bread in a by-
 street,
Told me so with her eyes and the tear-streaks
 on her face.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The cabaret-dancer sang it to me.
In the insidious slander of a careless youth
about a woman of good repute
I heard it,
And in the filth-bred cynicism that marked the
soul and face of another —
These told me that the city had lost its faith.
And I sometimes wonder if God really loves the
city
So
I shall build me in the hills a cottage,
That shall rest like a bird's nest in the heart
of the hills.
And there will be a sunset view,
A great pine,
And crystal waters.
In wild profusion there will be flowers bloom-
ing.
And I shall tear me away from the cords that
bind me to the satanic will of the city.
While there in the hills
I shall steep me in the infinite goodness of
God
And I shall take with me certain memories,
Which shall be like a rosary whose beads I
shall tell each day.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

These memories will be:

The laughter of little children, the memory of
my mother's face, the echo of my father's
prayers, and the good wishes of those
whom I love and of those who love me.

These memories I shall keep in my heart.

But all else —

Of the vanity and selfishness of men,
Of the scarlet motives that thrive and sting in
the city,

Of the stigma that spreads over the city its
poisonous mold, strangling the soul of the
city —

All these things I shall will to forget.

I shall cleanse me in the crystal waters,

And, looking at the great pine, I shall know
that my prayers will ascend even higher.

The flowers will whisper of God,

And in the sunset I shall see His fingers move!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Jonquils

LAWRENCE H. LEE, JR. *University of Virginia*

A church upon a grassy slope
With jonquils by the well-worn walk :
If sermons spoke as much of God
As one lone flower upon its stalk,
More thoughts of hope
Would vibrate through
Our shallow mortal talk.

Springtime in valley, hill and field
And everywhere fresh blossoming seed :
If but religion were so true
'Twould be too broad for creed.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The Pool

JEAN L. FETTIG

Hollins College

My heart was tranquil as a forest pool
Till you came singing down the moonlit way,
Flinging your careless words like pebbles
Into its depths.
Deep down they sank — and you went gaily on,
But where they fell
Came little circles ever widening,
Till they encompassed all my heart.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Compromise

MOLLIE WINDISH

Stanford University

If God should speak to me and say,
 "Prepare some other form to be!"
I should not try his hand to stay,
 Or bargain for eternity.

I'd choose to be a satyr bold,
 With curvèd horns and molded laugh,
Raised high above some public hold
 Upon a painted iron staff.

Where I could sit and watch all day
 The river barges creeping south,
And see the steamer in the bay
 Trail purple vapor from her mouth.

Where I could wink through cloven hoofs
 To children romping on the grass;
And swallows winged for southern roofs
 Could gossip with me as they pass.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Sometimes an errant feather-cloud
Would cover me from mortal eyes;
Then could I with satyr crowd
Go haunt the glens of Paradise.

On dark blue nights when Mother Moon
Lay slumb'ring deep in valley far,
I'd shine my horns and gilded shoon
And court a modest maiden star.

And mayhap on some stormy night
Of battling wind and frost and sleet,
I'd tumble from my dizzy height
And shatter on the pavèd street.

Ah, yes! a satyr form I'd take,
And dwell midway 'twixt earth and sky,
To live, to see, and some day break,
But never to grow old and die!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Paeon

MURIEL C. POTTER

Randolph-Macon Woman's College

This is the joy of my youth!
To stand like a silver birch, wind-swept by the
gales of high places —
To watch the wraith-pale mist curl over the tree
tops at sunrise —
To see the heralding sunbeams waken the moun-
tain-peaks —
This is the joy of my youth!
What care I that the sages smile? They have not
my youth!
I can run free as a cloud-shadow over the tree-
clad hills —
My hair streams like grasses lashed by the wind—
My limbs are fire-made substance, leaping,
strong and lithe —
This is the strength of my youth!
Over the hills at night, when the dew-bright
stars are shining,
I walk, and dream of fame and fortune, under
the infinite spaces —
This is the dream of my youth!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Sweet is my youth!

It is good to labor and strive without pause,
without tiring, —

To desire goals that are distant, unseen, scarce
imagined —

To await the future unafraid, dreaming of life
and glory.

I cling to my youth.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Songs of Youth

BENJAMIN ROSENBAUM *Harvard University*

SEEKING LOVE

He said he knew nothing of love
And asked the flower to tell him
What it meant.
The flower turned its face upward,
And sunbeams came to kiss it
While it held the bee in its embrace.
He shook his head — "I do not understand."

He called upon the bird for love;
And the bird began to sing so sweetly,
That one could but listen.
A mate was soon returning the serenade;
And then, they met and were off together.
His face was perplexed.

The snow, he thought, might know
What love truly was;
But his fleecy friends were seeking peace
On earth's warm breast.
He moved slowly on.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

I tried to tell him what he sought:
Two parts of a soul, that were cut
By the shears of God,
Unite — this is called love.
He was solemn.

One night he passed away,
And I saw him in a dream.
“I am in love with Death,”
He said.
I did not understand.

GONE

She is gone!
Gone?
The night was moaning
Under the whip of the wind.
I was off through it,
Throwing myself against its emptiness
As it clutched me
And sent a shiver down my back.

Where were the stars and the moon? —
Some thief had taken them
As he had taken her.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The hairless trees were talking wildly —
They were as mad as I.
But I was speechless.
The lazy hours slowly plodded along,
Until God took pity
And placed a red light in the east,
While Peace sprinkled her flowers everywhere.
And I found her!

GLIMPSES OF HER

I know where you got
Your blushing cheeks,
Red rose;
And why you can bedeck
Yourself in blue,
O succory!

You too,
Fields of wheat,
Are in this plot.
You tried to keep
The secret of your grace
With the wind;
But we fools called poets
Understand your language.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

And you, pure lilies of white,
You also I must call thieves.
But I'm glad you are! —
I'm glad you all are!
For Mary's journey is far-flung,
And I must see
A glimpse of her
As she trips along.
So blush your reddest, my rose!
Show me her eyes, my succory!
Dance again, O fields of wheat!
And you, my lilies, just be white
As her little white hands.

MY PURPLE GOWN FROM TYRE

Pink azaleas and dogwood
Are crowded close at my feet.
Whitethroats and warblers
Are weaving a trail between the trees
And cobalt-golden sky.
Now I'll mount Ole Tony and ride
The rolling fields!
Old Ninevah's riches will be around me,
And my overalls will be
My purple gown from Tyre!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

To You

ROSE MALONE

College of St. Catherine

The tracery of leafless trees against
A vivid saffron sky; warm nights in June
When birdlings chirp beneath a full low moon;
September mornings in a world dew wet;
Dim harvest fields at dusk; tree-shadowed
 lawns,
A garden sweet with lavender and phlox,
Pale flowers at twilight, pansies, four o'clocks;
The bluebird's soft complaint in summer dawns;
The scent of cowslips, violets white and blue —
These are the embassies that speak to you.

Queen Helen's Way

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

Yale University

He said, "There were not very many things

"Your beauty did not find its way to do!"

He said, "And there is dust upon those wings."

"I would have held incomparably true.

"And they are dulled, just as the sun will show

"Between daubed clouds, where should be
only blue."

They must have stood there for an hour or so,

Ere Menelaus had found heart to speak

To Helen — to Queen Helen! Now the glow

Of sudden anger had faded from his cheek,

And he was quite abashed before her power,

Instead of furious. Her beauty turned him
weak,

As one turns weak before an opening flower,

Or the far surf foaming incessantly.

He could not storm aloud, nor distantly lower.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

There only was one thing that he could be,
Her lover! as he was before the war
Wrecked all of Hellas, — bended upon his
knee!

So he forgot that scar on blackening scar
Followed the fire now in desolate Troy;
Forgot the sky was rusty cinnabar

Where smoke half blotted out the flame. Just
joy,
As of a lover returning to his own,
Filled his king's heart; no baser thought to
annoy,

No penitence for the pestilence he had strown
For just this moment — never dreamed like
this!
His lightest act he never would disown.

And yet it never should have been like this!
He knew it, how he knew it in his heart!
There should have been one hot disordered
kiss

Upon her breast, and then the suddenest dart
Of his thin blade, and all things would have
ended

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Where now it seems as though all things must
start.

“There were not very many things —” he
blended
Too much of ardor he could not conceal,
And while his warrior arm the sword
extended

His passionate heart kept forcing him to kneel,
And there was revived desire in his speech,
He did not find the coolness to congeal.

“O Helen, O Queen Helen, I beseech —”
He ceased to recollect the scattered slain;
Only he saw her standing just out of reach

And glorious with beauty, “Helen, again
“Return to Menelaus. I still stand.
“And what is Troy but ashes upon the plain?

“And what is Paris? Part of the whimper-
ing sand
“That sifts about the ruin of the walls.
“And there is death and silence on every
hand.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

“Alone from you a luminous glory falls,
“Transfiguring the wrack, Helen most fair!
“Helen still fair whatever chance befalls!”

Perhaps she paused while twisting her bright
hair
To view this triumphant conquest she had made;
But she had known the whole time he was
there

The heart of him. And as he was she played,
Not speaking. She, for whom the unfortu-
nate town
Was gutted, found his embrace and not his
blade.

Because of all of man's way she had known,
She moved towards his arms and found con-
tent.

Without there wept a captive's piteous
moan;
Was it Cassandra in the Argive's tent?

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

To Joan

HAROLD DAVIS

University of Utah

He is no lover of the hills who cannot take
Their pillar'd shadow with him to the plain;
Who cannot, winter-prisoned, lift and break
The cast of ice, and laugh with April rain.
He loves no music who can hear no strain
Of harmony upon a clear-blow wind;
He loves no beauty, (when the moon shall wane
And lull the stars to sleep) — who will not bind
The hair of beauty tangled in his mind;
— Who never stored and carried in his heart
A dozen Aprils; — if he could not find
Your instant image, though you were apart:
He is not true or constant, dear, — despise
The man without *your* shadow in his eyes.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Song of the Harp

TO MISS NELLIE ZIMMER

J. GORDON AMEND *Pennsylvania State College*

To-night I watched you sitting at your harp,
That gay stringed world of gold
That sobbed, and laughed, and sang
With you.

And, as I watched your slender, straying
fingers

Find their way across the mellow strings
I heard a song that seemed to come,
Not from your brilliant, golden chords
But from my soul.

And then I knew that all the while
The golden strings responded
To your passionate touch,
You had been playing
Upon the strings of my own heart.

I do not know your name —
Nor care.

You came into my night
And played upon my life strings,
And now have gone again.
Yet as I listened to your minor strains,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

I felt my thoughts, my hopes, my joys
Crying with their prisoned strength,
Expression seeking in its theme —
And in your major, crashing chords
I heard Ambition —
Powerful, fervent in its might,
Throbbing, pulsing, luring, gleaming
In its melody of flight.
But there was yet another note I found
When soft strains trilled.
So gently did your fingers play the chords,
I might have closed my eyes
And heard the angels singing in your stead,
Singing my song
Of love and tender sympathy.
Your harp is still,
And you have gone.
It matters not, for in the passing
You have left your song.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Youth

RALPH WESTERMAN

College of the Pacific

Ah, we who have Youth and Faith,
Let us dream!
To us the days are short,
And nights but seem
Like a purple, passing Wraith!
We see the Light of Stars —
But not the Dark between!

Jealous God

LUCIEN HYNES WARNER

Oberlin College

An eastern zealot crept at close of day
 Into a dusky temple. There he threw
 Him down before an idol grave. Unto
The temple he brought gifts which he did lay
Upon a mat. For hours he sought to pray.
 Gongs sounded. Incense rose above a brew.
 But Jealous God was deaf. The worship due
Him only had been giv'n a lump of clay.

I am a zealot, and my idol is
 The fairest soul created by a god.
 My sacred music is her voice. For me
Religious light is in her eyes. And this
 Confession is my off'ring. Jealous God,
 Forgive! In her I doubly worship Thee!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Burdens

FRED HARROLD

Ohio State University

I have seen a man bend beneath
A steel beam
On a giddy sky-scraper in the windy blue.
I have seen a mother carrying
An infant
Restlessly, ceaselessly, but with wild-eyed love!
I have seen a young man heave
A scented hay-cock
High into the heat-livid air of July.

And I have seen a man bend beneath the weight
Of a futile love;
And a crazed mother carrying
A grief for one gone forever;
And an old man, withered, and vacant-eyed,
bearing
The ingratitude of a son.

And I have known
That the heaviest burden
Is never on the back —
But in the heart!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

To L.—

KATHERINE WATSON *University of Oregon*

Night — the earth smell —
The plum tree
Heavy with its tremulous whiteness
A thin round moon —
And you.

Dear heart,
Can it be that sometime
I shall not know when Night
Lets down her sweet dark tresses o'er the world,
When the plum tree blooms,
When you stand pensive in the moonlight?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Poems After the Chinese

ANNE W. BUFFUM

Mt. Holyoke College

I

When the white plum-blossoms rest like butterflies upon the branches I shall play upon my slender flute.

I shall make a song for the little god in my garden; he smiles perpetually at the bowl of iris between his knees.

II

Like the thin smoke of leaf-burning my soul rises.

Like the foam-flowers of the wild cherry my soul drifts through the amorous willows.

Like the silent junks upon the silver platter of the lake my soul moves toward the sunset.

III

I have made a little god of carved jade. The smell of incense floats up to his nostrils graciously.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

I have made him a necklace of amber.
But he stares ceaselessly past me at the colored
picture on the opposite wall.

IV

I watch your shadow passing and passing on
the wall of the shoji;
I sing you a reed-song on my willow flute.
I whisper the silver of your name to the white
lilies by the river;
Are you remembering that I love you?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

To Majsa

JOSEF A. KINDWALL *University of Minnesota*

That gold is far more precious which is hid
Close in the mountain's heart;
That pearl more fair which, ocean's deep amid,
Tempts the bold diver's art;
The flower is sweeter which we cannot yet
With trembling fingers press,
And music faintly heard inspires regret
That wakens eagerness.
And Majsa, wisely shy and yet uncaught,
By Nature all these lessons has been taught!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Fancies

GRACE NYSTROM

Macalester College

I tho't I heard your laugh today
Imprisoned in a waterfall;
So sweet, the willows bent to hear
And passing bluebirds hushed their call.

I tho't I saw your smile today.
A shy, red rose did turn to me
With ruddy shadows on her lips,
And all the garden leaned to see.

I tho't I saw your tears today
Hang on the tree tops all alone.
I sensed a pain within my heart
And found the teardrops were my own.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Song

WAYNE GARD

Illinois College

You ask me why I love you, sweet?
What makes me worship at your feet?

Then tell me why this hawthorn tree
Produced the blossoms that you see;

And tell me why these thrushes here
Are making music for your ear;

You tell me why the sky is blue —
And then, perhaps, I'll answer you.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Bag O' Dreams

JAMES J. SWEENEY

Georgetown College

I had a little bag of dreams
Whose cord I loosed when I was young,
A tiny, slaty, fairy thing,
By spider spun of dried bat's wing,
And spilled a hundred popped streams
That o'er those dawn-fresh seasons flung
Dim rosy mists of visioning.

I ruled the lotus-blooming Nile
'Mid vultures white with gilded claws,
Where beryl-eyed crocodiles abound,
And rose-red ibises strut 'round;
Mine was the jade-cool tropic isle
Where shriek the brilliant-plumed macaws
At peacocks perking on the ground.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

I plucked a song from out God's heart
And trilled it on my throbbing lute,
A plaintive, poignant, aching strain,
A panged sobbing, soft as rain,
That dimmed with love-dew, worlds apart,
Two pairs of blue eyes beaming, mute
With dreamland love that ne'er would
wane.

But now my hair is thin and gray,
Frost powdered with the rime of years,
No more in me youth's ardor gleams,
For me no love-lamps burn fond beams,
And having all, I've naught today.
What webs of sorrow, seas of tears
Lay in that little bag of dreams!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Fabric

ROSE HOLCOMB

Elmira College

If fairies don't dance in the moonlight
And elves don't pass this way,
Who uses the toadstools to sit on
When they milk the milky way?

If there aren't any nymphs in the forest
Or dryads in the heart of a tree,
Who uses the puff balls to prink with
Or acorns as cups for tea?

If gnomes don't live in the tree stumps
And trolls don't even exist,
Who rides on the bat's wings at midnight
And fills the valleys with mist?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Villanelle

THOMAS H. JOHNSON

Dartmouth College

You shall come to me tonight
Softly, as the leaves are shed,
Swiftly, as the swallow's flight.

When the stars blaze out their light
And the sun's last glow is dead
You shall come to me tonight.

You shall come with youth's delight
To my heart, when day is fled;
Swiftly, as the swallow's flight.

When the dark obscures my sight
And the tulip bows her head
You shall come to me tonight.

Fast as falls the moonbeam's light
You shall come with golden tread,
Swiftly, as the swallow's flight.

Mistlike, rising from your bed
With your radiant arms outspread
You shall come to me tonight,
Swiftly, as the swallow's flight.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

A Love Song

D. R. MITCHELL

Cornell University

I breathed a love song from my soul
Unto the gentle wind,
To bear it to its destined goal,
My Loved One's heart to find.

Perhaps the breeze hath wandered far,
Or hath my tale forgot,
Or told it to some evening star;
Alas! She heard it not.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

On Reading Keats' "The Eve of
St. Agnes"

KENNETH E. MONEY

Cornell College

"Peace, be still," the night-bird saith,
"For the moon comes, and Dream's breath
Exhaleth from her silver'd nose,
While from her lips a budding rose
Sweet fragrance gives." That same Spirit,
That breath'd "Endymion" into life, draws
Such luted notes from heaven, or near it,
That lo! bursting blooms the rose:
"St. Agnes' Eve" comes flitting with the soft-
ness of day's close.

My soul enwrapt in silent things
Expands and flies on borrow'd wings
To where chaste Madeline
Sits dreaming of her lover fine —
Unseen, as yet, but known to her
By some strange mirror'd gossamer.
On borrow'd wings with magic power
I fly to that old castle tower,
And steal from "St. Agnes' Eve" th' enchant-
ment of an hour.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Ah! Madeline and Porphyro, where?
Since soft beyond that castle drear
You slipp'd away in morn's faint bloom,
Still blest with the stars' unsnuff'd illume.
I would, but cannot be so bold,
Fly there, one moment to behold
The glory of your sacred haven,
Where secretly yourselves have ta'en —
But nay, I need not pine me so: in my heart's
your haven!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Dancer

CHARLES GOODMAN

University of Southern California

She danced . . .
And all the pent-up Passions
Ran rampant on the lighted stage.
Her untamed hair, her laughing eyes,
The limbs that writhed out of the skin
Breathed of a symphony of silenced cries
That lay benumbed within
Until to-night.

The theatre, a cube of sighs,
Gulped all this dancing with burning eyes.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Pavlowa

I

OLD EGYPT

CAMILLA TAYLOR

University of California

Absurdly little theatre
Half-empty,
Waiting waiting —
Crashing Orchestra
Heralding ascension of the top curtain
With the advertisements of French Pastry
And Corsets.
Poor, deluded audience
Excited vainly
Now they may watch
That elegant futurist curtain
With the man-sized fruit.
Twenty minutes;
Thirty minutes.
Rise of curtain
To reveal twentieth-century interpretation
Of Old Egypt.
(Lord, those poor Egyptians!
But they'll never know —)

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Down,
Down
Slide those purple apples ; those orange
Grapes.
Egypt trembles
In her distorted pose. . . .
Will it never
Descend ?
O — now it is time for us
To clap our hands.

II

SYRIA

Crashing, flashing, smashing,
Syria hurls herself across the stage.
Scarlet, purple, orange ; blazing
Whiteness.
She is a flame
Terrible, swift.
She is one vivid flash
Of impossible lightning.
She is a shriek
Of notes so discordant they harmonize.
She is color ; she is sound,
————— Light !

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

III

THE SWAN

Darkness once more.
A blue weird light
Dawns on the dark stage
And she floats in:
"The Swan."
I have forgot the world —
That living snowflake
Has taken me to Heaven. ———
The pouter-pigeon in front of me
Snatches the binoculars
From her spouse, and coos
"O isn't she sweet!"

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Hymn of Hate

(With Apologies to H. Rousseau)

MINNA CLIFTON

University of Rochester

I hate men — young, callow ones,
Who fairly ooze sentimentality,
Who are forever reading burning poems
On "Love" and "The Kiss" and
"Meeting" and "Parting" etc. ad nauseam.
Their eyes are strange —
Deep, dark pools of sorrow.
And they always wear soft collars.
Oh, how I hate them!

I hate men — corpulent, business ones,
Who are full of one thing —
Business. Who always rave
Of their deeds on the "Street."
They have (to be vulgar) bay-windows
And Nature has been o'er generous
To them in the way of chins.
They bore me to tears (or homicide).
Oh, how I detest them!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

I hate men — cynical, indifferent ones,
Who wonder why the weaker sex
Will follow them about all day.
And who insist that they
Do nothing to attract “females,”
Nay, 'tis quite the reverse.
Yet to their past they refer
With a languid wave of the hand and a sigh.
Oh, how I despise them!

I hate men — brilliant, scholarly ones,
Who have a penchant for the fourth dimension;
Who likewise wear rubber-tired glasses.
And have a strange stoop to their shoulders,
From poring over such interesting things
As the “Binomial Theorem.”
They always fix one with a vacant stare
(Their minds are wand'ring in Elysian fields).
Oh, how I hate them!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

From the Practical Side

HARRELL N. TAGUE

Bethel College

Though she charm you with her smile
And your feelings so beguile
That you think you want to marry, and you
risk it,
Now do tell me if you find
That her sentimental mind
Ever helps her when she goes to make the biscuit.

Though her tiny little feet
Make such music on the street
That your spirit to its cadence seems to quiver,
Can you tell me, oh I say,
If it helps her any way
When she's staying in the kitchen frying liver?

Though her kisses so divine,
Like intoxicating wine,
Change your cheeks to deepest crimson from the
pallid,
Friend of mine, I ask you this,
Can her darling little kiss
Ever help her when she goes to make the salad?

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Though her teeth so snowy white
So enchant you with delight
That you smile and tell the darling she bewitches,
Tell me, lover so devout,
If they ever help her out
When she tries to sew the hole up in your
breeches?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Envy

SARAH EDNA PAYNE

Baylor University

The first time I saw you
A respectfully stooped old serving man
Held open the ponderous door
Of a correct cream-colored house on Sixteenth
Street
And you came out leading a broad-chested bull-
dog.
And you went with a springing step toward the
long black car
Where the rigid chauffeur waited.
And I knew that you walked when you wanted to
And that you rode when you wanted to,
But that you never walked because eleven car-
fares would buy a gallery seat at Keith's.
And I believed that all the happiness one could
dream of
Was yours,
And I envied you.

.
The next time I saw you
You were at the theatre

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

In a box directly across from that flag-draped
one,

And a woman, — magnificent, soulless, — was
with you.

As the silken flag-curtain came slowly down,

The orchestra began on a bold low chord

And the great crowd rose

And stood a-tiptoe,

Thrilled by the flag it was seeing and the music
it was hearing.

And I stood exultant, forgetting everything

But the Flag and the Song

Till suddenly I remembered you whom I called
happy,

And looking down, I saw you

Slouching, gazing at the man in the box across
from you

Smiling sneeringly with the whispering woman
by your side.

And I pitied you.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Debutante

FLORENCE M. FERRELL

Reed College

Little Debutante,
You are like a kitten
With cream on its whiskers —
Innocent, demure;
And your chic sophistication,
Exquisite and superficial,
Is like a champagne goblet —
Fragile, gleaming, empty!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Old Age Stays Behind

RICHARD WARNER BORST

University of California

She heard me as I came,
As I came softly calling
Her dear name.

The rain was chill and cold,
Falling, falling,
In the black autumn night,
In the season old;
And the trees against the gale
Stood bare and stark upright
Between me and the lightning pale.

As I came softly stealing
Through the streaming rain,
I saw her kneeling.
I tapped her window pane;
She quenched the fire's bright flame
And to the casement came,
Stealthily creeping.
Spite of the dim firelight,
I saw her wan and white,
And she was weeping.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

“Let us away,” I cried.
“The world is strange and wide,
Strange looks are kind :
Old age stays behind !”

Beneath the lifted sash,
She gained my side.
Into the lightning flash,
With the lanes all awash,
And the moon blind,
Swift we rode down the wind :
Old age stayed behind.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

At Vespers

FRANCIS BROERMAN

Washington University

How kind yellow candle light is to you,
Old women.

It is the smile of God.

You, too, were once as slim

As those maiden tapers,

And nodded gold heads

At a wanton breath of air.

Now, you have dwindled to a lump

Of shapeless wax,

Your promise spent;

One hope remaining, —

Death.

God is kind;

He smiles on you,

And lets you wait.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Yesterday

MARJORIE C. MARKS

Barnard College

A thousand years have passed away
Since I was with you yesterday.
Isn't it queer I can't forget
The feeling of the stinging wet,
Soft snow against my face, and you
Striding beside me, loving, too,
The slippery walk along the edge
Of frosted-over barberry hedge?
And neither of us said a word
(Aloud, I mean) until we heard
Far off, a locomotive shriek.
Then it was you began to speak.
You said, "I wish you weren't going
Home tonight." And I, not showing
What I felt, replied, "I know.
We're sure to be delayed by snow."
Then neither one knew what to say,
But in a friendly, silent way
Breasted the snow. And I could see
You didn't dare to look at me,
Though it was equally as true

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

I didn't dare to look at you.
I knew that if my eyes should meet
Your eyes, the primly-peopled street
Would raise its eye-brows in dismay,
Surmising that between us lay
A feeling not quite everyday.
So neither of us spoke again
Until I climbed on board the train,
When both of us were forced to try
A brief, inadequate good-bye.
You stood and waved, and I waved back
Until a stretch of shining track
Widened between. I see you there,
The white snow kissing your black hair.
(I wish I'd thought to tell you that
You might take cold without your hat.)
But all of that was yesterday,
A hundred thousand years away
And every moment's living yet.
Isn't it queer, I can't forget?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

In a Chinese Garden

ELIZABETH REYNARD

Barnard College

The Nightingale:

All the night long I sing to thee,
To thee, my flower.
The grey fish swirl in a starlit sea,
Lovers watch in their bower.
From the emperor's garden lanterns play,
Shoulder to shoulder the willows sway,
But the emperor's garden I do not see;
All the night long I sing to thee,
To thee, my flower.

The Rose:

How the wind's swaying me, softly, regretfully!
How the bird sings to me, proudly, forgetfully!
Whence flows a song like that? Surely he knows,
Last night he sang to another wild rose.

The Nightingale:

Hear my full song I pour to please,
To please my flower.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

For the soul wakens and the heart strings seize
The night-lute's waning power.
The emperor sleeps in his golden bed
With a dragon guard at the foot and head,
But love and I care nothing for these.
All the night long I sing to please,
To please my flower.

The Rose:

Dawn comes ; he flies away thoughtlessly, cheerily,
But the song stays with me echoing wearily.
How can I listen when, oh, the heart knows, —
Tomorrow he sings to another wild rose.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

My Mother's Eyes

DELPHINE HARRIS COY

Kansas State Agricultural College

My mother's eyes have all the blue
Of gentians hiding under dew,
The blue of mountains mystic, far,
The blue of lakes where pine trees are.
The blue of cloudless summer skies
Is resting in her loving eyes.

My mother's eyes are oh, so bright
And filled with every kind of light.
The gentle starlight twinkles there
Beneath the shadow of her hair,
The light of moon-beams on the bay,
Aurora's distant lights in play.

And once when I was very ill,
When all the house was deathly still
And no one but my mother near —
I saw a rainbow in her tear.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

To My Mother

MARGARET MARSH

Pacific University

My memory of you is like a quiet pool
Far in the depths of calm Autumnal woods,
Complete in beauty, undefiled,
Shut in and hidden from the world.
And sometimes, dear, I leave life for a little time
To go and rest awhile and dream alone.
I love to gaze into its crystal deep
Reflecting golden leaves and hazy sky, —
New understanding there I always find
Beside my memory of you.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

I Am Rich To-day

MARGUERITE A. GUTSCHOW

Willamette University

I am rich to-day, a baby ran to meet me,
And put her tiny hand within my own
And smiled, her rosy lips a flower,
The light within her eyes, from heaven shone.
And when I crossed the fields the birds were
 singing,
A golden blossom in my pathway lay,
It wasn't much; but, oh, the joy there's in it,
To have a baby smile at you
In just that way.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Talk

ISABEL V. MAYNE

Cornell College

Sometimes at night we sit by the fire and talk
Talk about many things — talk about nothing,
Whether it will rain tomorrow, or snow,
Or whether there will be a tomorrow at all.
And always someone asks me,
Always someone asks the question,
Well, what are you going to do?
What are you going to do tomorrow?
And I answer careless, indifferent —
“I — Oh — I don’t know.”
Would I answer so if you were here, Mother?
Or perhaps we speak of love,
Love so strange — mysterious love.
And they ask me,
Many, many times they ask me,
“What is love, anyhow?”
And I answer wishfully, wistfully,
“Love, oh I — I don’t know.”
Could I answer so if ever I had known your love,
Mother?
And then, maybe we talk of heav’n

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Wond'ring in our foolish, futile way
Whether it is up or down,
Within us or without,
Or, if it is at all.
And again they ask me — always,
“What do you think Heaven is?”
And I answer hopefully, prayerfully,
“Heaven? Oh, I — I don't know.”
But I think it must be love, for you are there,
my Mother.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Gotham

HILDEGARDE FLANNER *University of California*

Great woman with lyric eyes
And bright, tragic mouth,
Tall woman with sinister hair
And throat of pride,
I watch your magnificent feet
Pace through the hypnotized city.

Across your head
Is a crown of gleaming buildings,
Harmonious as swans,
Significant as thunder.

Your breasts have golden milk;
Men fight to be your children.

Your limbs are white as ancient skulls,
Your arms are softer
Than the first moment of death.

What bold American alchemy
Inspires your glossy hands,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Tall woman with sinister hair,
Tall woman with throat of pride?
What joys have colored your sandals,
What sorrows laced them on?

You have gone mad,
Inscrutable, lustrous woman,
Hosannaed by delirious worshippers
About a shrine of steel.
You have gone mad,
Great woman with lyric eyes
And bright, tragic mouth.
You have gone mad,
From counting your slaves!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

College Portraits

EDA LOU WALTON

University of California

HEROES

Great minds without emotion,
Great emotions without minds,
We have forgotten you
In the lusty confusion
Of our four-years' passing;
But you, great dreamers,
Sane and whole men,
We hold your words to our breasts.

AND HERO WORSHIPERS

Now that you speak of it
I do recall him —
An odd boy, bright, but not a worker,
Drinking my lectures down like liquor
Somewhat too strong, but excellent.
I liked the chap and talked to him a bit,
Felt he'd make good and so he has, you say.
How little we remember, here within the wall,
Of lives that pass us like a shadow

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Lengthening four years, then lost in darkness
Of another shadow.

Remembers me, you say? Odd that!

And after all, not odd;

We are the half-gods on thin pedestals —

They worship us until the whole-gods come.



Puppets

MAURICE JACQUES VALENCY

College of the City of New York

'Tis a weird procession, dearest,
That is passing by his throne —
How he chuckles at our capers,
And we think he hears us groan.

Oh, they make him shake with laughter —
'Tis the only sound he hears —
The grimaces stamped upon us
'Neath the burning, bitter tears.

Poor and puny little devils,
Hemmed in by his mighty lore, —
Those behind are pressing on us,
We must press on those before.

If the game that he delights in
Lies in making such as we —
Puny, miserable puppets,
What a puppet *he* must be!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

'Tis a dark, dim path we follow,
And the millions that precede
Wear it deeper in and deeper —
We must follow where they lead.

And the motley's graven on us —
Caper, laugh! On! — play your rôle,
And when endless time is ended —
Fling him back his wretched soul.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The Prospector

WILLIAM ELLWELL ONIONS

University of California

He stands,
His wistful eyes under his knotted hands
Watching the glow of the golden skies.

The slow wind croons to the barren dunes.

His beast
With drooping head faces the gloomy east.
Watching the ridge of the hill-tops red,

And the slow wind croons to the barren dunes.

He stands
And the glory dies. Cooling the burning sands,
Over his shadow the mountains rise.

The day is for quest, but night is for rest.

And beast,
And weary man turn to the simple feast,
Fitting the immemorial plan:

The day is for quest, but night is for rest.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Packing House Poems

RICHARD MORROW STEINER

Grinnell College

THE KILLERS

Beef sluggers, pig stickers, slitters of lambs'
throats;
You with your leaden conscience!
Do you see visions of pastoral peace?
Do your nostrils catch the warm sweet wind
Blowing over acres of blue grass
And closely matted clover?
Or are your imaginations dulled
By the grim reality
Of lowing cattle, squealing pigs, and silent sheep?

SHEEP

Silly creatures crowding to the killing floor,
Led by one black sheep
To the never-ceasing slaughter.
Led to your death, by one trained to the task.
Oh, how like men you are!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

QUITTING TIME

Stockyard streets,
Glassy in the torrid sun,
Habitat of vile sights and viler stench,
Suddenly filled with old men,
Young boys not yet begun to shave,
Stenographers, lips one scarlet scream,
Big, burly negroes, doffing bloody aprons,
All, all bound in one mad, crescendo rush for —
Home!

FROM A SHEEP SKINNING FLOOR

Hey ho! A grisly job is yours,
Stripping the skin off small lambs' backs!
Slitting and slashing with short sharp knives,
Keeping apace with the moving racks.
Singing a song with a darky strain,
Whistling a tune from a musical show,
Dancing a jig on the bloody floor,
Crooning a lullaby, soft and low,
And still you slash, and still you rip,
Stripping the skin off small lambs' backs!
Hey ho! A grisly job is yours,
Yet you're merry beside the ghastly racks!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Boarding School

K. IRENE GLASCOCK

Mt. Holyoke College

I

The Dean was magnificent,
If you forgot
Her shrewd little eyes.
She would have been a wonder
As a boss politician.
In a school,
Her passion for organizing her faction
Was disastrous.

II

My roommate had doggish eyes,
And she almost barked with the delight,
If you treated her kindly.
Most of us, I think,
Have moments
When we like to kick
A dog.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

III

The girl in the room above
Had beautiful lingerie,
And exquisite manners,
And immaculate hands.
She had the reputation for telling
The smuttiest jokes of anyone in school.

IV

A new girl
Tried to elbow the world
Out of her way.
She looked as if she were saying:
"You are all against me,
But I defy you."
Really,
No one had ever noticed her.

V

I remember
One who would have been beautiful
Standing at a well,
With a pitcher on her head,
And talking to a camel driver;

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

But she was certainly a fright
In a salmon-pink shirtwaist,
Strewn with diamonds.

VI

And there was another
To whom I was habitually rude,
In my fear
That she might guess
How her touch was infinite glory,
And her words the burning wonder
Of my fifteen years —
Now she seems more remote
Than all the rest.

The Hosting

MATTHEW F. MCGUIRE

Holy Cross College

They are hosting,
They are hosting —
The dead brave of the Gael,
Their battle flags are gleaming,
In the spectral shadows pale.
From the serried ranks
Of Time they come,
From every sodden plain,
Like shrouded hosts of pilgrims,
To some famed and sacred fane.
From Drogheda to Fontenoy,
And the rush in Dublin street,
Come the martial hosts of Freedom,
To the war-drums' muffled beat!

Look! There's the Connaught Rangers
While swinging close behind,
Are the Fusiliers of Dublin,
With their green flags on the wind!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The men who followed Emmet,
And those who died with Pearse,
A tenseness in their bearing,
Their features drawn and fierce!

They are hosting
For the dawn, lad,
Which, thank God, at last is nigh,
When the free flag of old Erin,
Shall greet the morning sky!

O all the pent-up hopes of ages,
All the shadows, all the tears,
Behold them writ in glory,
On the banners of the Years.

Lo! The shadows fast are fading,
GOD OF HOSTS! The Dawn's at hand,
See! The hosted brave are marching,
Into Freedom's Promised Land!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The Brass Band

WILLIAM B. MOWERY *University of Illinois*

We are the Brass Band,
The blary, blary Brass Band,
Red, panting, Brass Band,
Puffing out our cheeks.
Dress cords, open throats,
White pants, red coats,
Prancing along while the whole town peeks.

We are the leaders, see the surging crowds come,
See how we lead them with our

boom
boom
boom

at

Town-hall

Cornerstone

Soap-box

Coronal

Wedding

Funeral
boom
boom
boom

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

We are a comrade band,
Thirty pieces, look at us,
One note, one command,

boom

boom

boom

Thirty screaming tin-pans

A-yelling all together,

Thirty hell screeches

Making harmony

Marching to the nod of the drum major's feather

With the kids on the corner yelling

whieee

whieee

whieee

(The Cornet speaks)

Still, I am the Cornet, the fanfare Cornet,

I am the leader of all Brass Bands;

Though orchestras have flouted me,

Concert meisters clouted me,

Star courses routed me,

I shan't fret:

For I am the master, the silver singing master,

The high singing master of all Brass Bands,

The toot-toot-toot-tootle-toot of all Brass Bands.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

"Street Cars"

EMELINE GOFORTH *N. C. College for Women*

A creeping, crawling, swaying, swinging insect—

 A caterpillar with a bee's deep buzz —

A cricket in its shrieking dialect —

 A yellow worm, close clinging to a wire with
 fuzz

Of ladies' bonnets and of children's faces —

 Sweet children's faces through the window's
 dust

And great clear eyes, with a conductor in them

 And oh! — the paint and iron and wire and
 rust!

I wonder why the heart of youth is needlessly
 pent

 In these loud, yellow, horrid, creeping things,
Leave them for those with blistered heels and
 gout —

 I choose to swing adown the sun-flecked street
Where some impalpable charm somehow close
 clings;

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Where children play with laughter clear and
sweet
Beside the flowers, outside of windows gay,
Where youth meets youth all gladly, buoyantly
walking —
I scorn this ugly, cringing, mercenary way.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The Salvation Army

R. MAURY

University of Virginia

A rusty-coated, bald-headed, grizzled man
Shouted in the streets about the Judgment
Day,
And the idlers and the niggers for blocks
around
Came to hear the cornet and the bass drum
play.

“Oh, shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod? —
(Boom-boom)
With its crystal stream forever
Flowing by the throne of God! (Boom-
BOOM)”

A battered-looking sister in a bonnet of red
Passed the tambourine, while the song roared
on.
But those who stayed to listen were the silver-
lacking kind, —
The kind Another Preacher swayed in days
long gone.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

“Oh, yes, we shall gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful, the river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God!”

“We’ll gather at the river.” . . . They gathered
at a gutter,
And shabby saints along the curb battled
for their Lord.
’Twas Paul and Silas over, without one whit of
change,
Bearing to sick souls the promise of the Ever-
lasting Word —
Telling in the market place the sweetness of the
Lord!

“Oh, shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod?
(Boom-boom)
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing past the throne of God! (Boom-
BOOM)”

The Change

AUBREY A. GRAVES *Southwestern University*

God! But it's quiet here at home
So still and silent all the day —
Not even a sound of bursting shell,
Nor clamor of the heated fray!
Time was I only knew to fight,
To chatter death-songs wild and loud
And charge with other dough-boys rough,
Blinded and drunk in a whirling cloud.

With lads I loved I faced the Hun
At bloody Marne and on the Aisne,
And fought long days in Hellish heat,
Never mindful of the countless slain;
I've crawled all night in mud and mire
Out there where bullets sigh and groan: —
I've heard the shrieks of shrapnel there —
God! But it's quiet here at home!

But now those damning days are gone,
Days when my blood pulsed fast and hot,
And gone is every comrade too,
Each sleeping in his six-foot plot.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Today I hear no battle shout,
No martial notes disturb the gloam —
A leg blown off, a lung gassed out —
God! But it's quiet here at home!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Experience

ELIZABETH BECKWITH

New York State College for Teachers

Oh, dragonfly, dragonfly, what have you done
To batter your wings so, you poor wounded
one?

*My wings once glanced strong over streams in the
sun.*

You came from your home where the sheltered
brook sings

Out here where the spray only slashes and stings.
I longed for the bite of the salt on my wings.

Alone by this dismal gray ocean you die,
'Though dragonflies bask 'neath a distant blue
sky.

*But I've felt the strength of the wind blowing
high.*

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Learning

ELAINE KINDER

University of Utah

Over and over and over,
A step and then a fall;
Over and over and over,
Holding to chair or wall;
Trying his muscles' imperfect skill,
Awkwardly striving to work his will
And master an action beyond him still:

So, little by little
And day by day,
Over and over
The selfsame way,
He must learn to walk.

Over and over and over,
A sound and then a word;
Over and over and over,
To utmost effort spurred
By feeling within an insistent urge;
A need to express the perplexing surge
Of thoughts and emotions that clash and merge:

So, little by little

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

And day by day,
Over and over
The selfsame way,
He must learn to talk.

Over and over and over,
A thought and then a deed;
Over and over and over,
Finding a growing need
To win a place in the heart of a friend,
To know his fellows and gladly spend
His effort to serve some unselfish end:
 So, little by little
 And day by day,
 Over and over
 The selfsame way,
 He must learn to love.

Over and over and over,
A joy and then a pain;
Over and over and over,
Familiar with loss and gain;
Sharing the bounties of God's great earth,
The bitter of sorrow, the pleasure of mirth,
Learning experience's double worth:
 So, little by little

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And day by day,
Over and over
The selfsame way
He must learn to live.

Smoke Ring Reveries

Success

“CORN COB PETE”

Muhlenberg College

Did y' ever watch the bees and birds
And all them kinda things?
When they have done their full day's work.
“Full speed t' home” they tells their wings.
Jest like the miners 'way up state,
The ranchers in the West,
That comin' home when the day is done
T' grab a little rest.
This comin' home's a fascination,
A kinda satisfaction,
The feelin' that a task is done
Because you've been in action.
No matter what our job may be,
Let's put it over full o' pep,
That some time we can come t' home
With head well up and eager step.
Success is not a pile o' jack,
A fancy name, or graven tomb;
It's jest that joy within ourselves
When our work's done — we're comin' home.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Revelation

JOSEPHINE P. CLARKE

Wellesley College

If only we might find ourselves! What then?
What radiant lifting of our untried wings?
And what exultant consciousness that springs
From life undreamed of in the hearts of men?
For is there not some bitter sense of worth
Even in constant restlessness and pain?
Some fertile seasoning, like summer rain,
That gives to gladness fuller, freer birth?
Still, latent inspiration lies beneath
The irksome questionings that mark the days
Of our poor blindness, — struggling to be free;
An unborn glory that awaits the breath
Of self revealed, — to break away the haze
And make immortal our mortality.

Triumph

LUCY RENAUD

Newcomb College

Now, at last, the winds of chance have caught
me

And sweep me to their will —

I, who have dwelt along the way of sorrow ;

I, who was still,

Now know alone the flame-sweet joy of living,
The white-hot thrill.

I could not even find the paths of weeping
Through the dim rain —

I, who am dazed with joy and drunk with
laughter,

Seek them in vain.

And, though the whole wide world be false as I
am,

I shall not feel pain.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

TO BETELGEUSE

Prose Poem

(This poem is dedicated to the great star Betelgeuse, whose volume Professor Michelson of Chicago University discovered to be 27 million times that of our own sun.)

WALTER M. WOLFF

University of Nebraska

At last may we conceive thee in all they incomprehensible Majesty — Orion's Prince — thou resplendent Pearl of Infinity! So far remote in the silent Time and Space . . . and yet, thou are the FIRST to reveal to us thy vast expanse — O Betelgeuse! Thou super-orb of the Firmament!

Our own good sun is but a golden atom when of thee is thought or spoken — Betelgeuse! 'Tis but a spot of plastic fancy that EVEN THOU canst create within us — for thou art so boundless in the Cosmic Sea . . . and yet, we may know that thou are there — yea, small or great to these our finite senses!

Within our feeble, futile Intellect thou hast kindled the mythopoeic flame; we seek to cast

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

vain words in praise of thee . . . but thou —
THOU art beyond the mortal sphere, O Star!
May we call thee "Father" among the throbbing
suns Celestial? But O Betelgeuse! Forgive
our Mind's infirmities!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Trysting

GENE DONALD

Princeton University

The Gray Ghost crouched by the old church
wall,
Losing himself in the murky shade,
He crouched and watched by a hole in the wall,
He heard the roar and the high-pitched call
Of living men at barter and trade
Under the old stone wall.

His bony hand and his fleshless skull
Were rank with the scent of long closed graves,
But his restless eyes were bright and full,
And ceaselessly moved, with never a lull,
Scanning each face in the human waves,
Surging around the wall.

The old, the young, the lame and the blind,
Each held his shifting gaze for a space,
The sick, the strong, the weak in mind,
He watched go by in the piercing wind
That cut to the bone, but he held his place
Close by the old stone wall.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

"I'll meet you there in the place you know,
Dear Heart," she smiled at the faith in his eyes.
With eager feet he paced to and fro —
Snail-footed Time crept slow, too slow —
But she played him false, for all his sighs
 Under the old church wall.

The church has fallen in crumbled heaps,
The wall is covered with tangled vines,
But the Gray Ghost still his vigil keeps,
From face to face his swift eye leaps,
Plying his quest through the human lines
 Flowing around the wall.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Fools

HAZEL PEARSON

Boston University

Three sorts of fools there be in this great world,
If I mistake not. One of these must claim
Each man, but he may choose which one he
will.

The first is he who thinks that he is wise.
An amiable fool! I mark his silly grin
And self-complacent smirk. And yet how
harsh

He trumpets forth displeasure at the world
Because it laughs at him.

The second fool

Laments his folly, longing to be wise.
His vaguely flickering wisps of vagrant thought
He deems the steadfast glowing of the sun.
He yearns to think that mocking man applauds,
And then smiles wanly at the dear conceit
That all the world loves him because it smiles.

Three sorts of fools there be. The last am I,
Who choose to be a fool in all my ways.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

To sing about my work when silence rules,
To sing the louder if it brings no gain,
To see good where I know there is great wrong,
To see life whole when it eludes my gaze,
To spend my life's last drop in serving God, —
The great world serves no God, — to welcome
 death
Because I know not what's beyond, — I trust, —
Thus am I foolish, and I count it wise.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

To Kit Marlowe

FREDERIC ROCKWELL SANBORN

Columbia University

Hail to thee, Marlowe, of the fluent pen —
Thy voice rang out in England's early morn
To speak in modern words to men unborn
Of longings without limit now, and then —

The yearning of Elizabethan men
For Universal Knowledge, still the thorn
Of hope; for Universal Wealth — our scorn
Still: Universal Power destroys again.

As meteors portend the Northern light
Thou didst fortell the Master's glorious plays,
Yet for thine own worth, too, men read thee
now.

Thou wert the Day Star in the fore-spent night
From whence burst forth the dawn of
Shakespeare's days —
Aye, mighty Shakespeare's John the Bap-
tist thou!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The Minstrel

FRANCES MARKLEY

Agnes Scott College

The Organ-Grinder man comes down the street!
From tenements a noisy group will run,
Whose yesterdays have blossomed 'neath the
sun

Of other lands, and now together meet.
They join soiled hands, and dance with nimble
feet,

As crude and painted harmonies are spun
From out the stilt-held box, and in their fun
Instinctively they sway, advance, retreat.
Oh, might we for a moment lay aside
Our dear-bought burdens, heavy-grown too
soon,

Forgetting all our envy, hates, and pride,
And dance with you to Maestro Tony's tune!
May it not be that God is waiting, too,
For us to turn our step and dance with you.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

A Scholar

LEM PHILLIPS

University of Illinois

I have red blood in my veins
And a strong body
Fit for work.

I have a strong back
And thick-muscled arms
That can handle a stoker's slice bar.
My hand has known the feel of the throttle;
I have been the master of power.
I have stood between the roaring cranks
Unafraid.
I have strong gripping fingers
That have held me firm
On the swaying mast.
I have the skill in my hands to steer a steady
course
In a stormy sea.
I have eyes to mark a distant light
And a deep-throated voice to report it.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

I have red blood in my veins
And a strong body
Fit for work,
Yet I have put oval panes of glass
Before my eyes,
That I may drink a diluted cup of life
From a printed page —
.God! I am lazy.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

To Francisco Pizarro

Conqueror of Peru
Buried in the Lima Cathedral

WILLIS K. JONES *Pennsylvania State College*

A crypt in silent darkness —
A couch of stone with crystal frieze
Through which the idly curious tourists peer
As the rheumy-eyed guide unlocks the clasps
And lets the barred grating swing slowly
 aside —
This — this is the resting place of the mighty
 Pizarro.

Where is thy glistening cuirass, thy helmet
 now?
Here, only the mummied body, bared for a
 penny to the staring gapers.
Thine eyes that blazed at all the Inca gold
See not the flickering taper which the old priest
 lights.
Nor could thy wasted treasure, with all its
 brilliance,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Lure back for but a single hour
The fire within those gaping voids
That once shriveled men with terror.
Thy lips are thin and silent,
Those lips which then commanded, and men
obeyed.

Where is thy Emperor's ransom of gold
That fell to thee, O Mighty Conqueror?
Is this all that remains:
The golden inlaid letters of thy vault,
And the flask which the snivelling guide points
out,
"*Sus intestinos, señor!*"
And blowing out the candle
He leaves thee to silence — and lost kingdoms.

Sleep on, O conquered one.
Death, a greater miser than thou,
Has filched thy gold from thee,
And guards thee well among his treasures.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

To Keats

("Here lies one whose name was writ in
water.")

GERTRUDE ENID GESSLER

Milton College

Thy name was writ in water? Thine? Ah, no!
Unless it be as lovely things that pass:
Glories of sunsets gone, and dew-drenched
grass,
Treasures that memory lends a heightened glow.
A flower may wither, but it never dies;
It holds within the heart eternal sway
Where all dear music goes, and lost songs
stray,
Immortal as the dreams in children's eyes.

All loveliness was as a guest to thee;
Visions of fame and wealth were cast afar.
Within thy verse are leafy sunbeams caught
And fairy trumpets, — thunder of the sea;
A magic tapestry therein is wrought,
O wingèd one! "as steadfast as a star."

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

A Thought

PHILIP W. BARBER

Grinnell College

On busy days
When hopeful-fashioned
Flowers and clouds
Are passed unnoticed:—
God must be very lonely.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Bubbles

STELLA CARSE

Grinnell College

But yesterday three little tots
Were blowing thin bubbles of soap,
Thin bubbles, but brimful of hope.

Small Betty mixed up the suds,
And Gwendolyn bossed when she durst;
I laughed, because bubbles would burst.

Now Betty's in charge of a home
And Gwendolyn bosses a state;
And I — oh, I laugh at my fate.

Worlds and Atoms

SAMUEL SELDEN

Yale University

"I hold in my palm a small ruby. It is composed of a myriad of atoms. Each of these is infinitesimal. But, may it not be merely the sum of other particles, which are in turn composed of atoms yet more minute? And may there not be on the smallest, beasts, plants, and men?"

Along a footpath that wanders into the depths of a mountain valley trudges an old peasant. The sun blazes and he moves slowly . . .

With every step, within the tiny atom-universe of a steel peg in his right boot heel, aeons pass. Astral dust contracts into atom stars; worlds spring into being, evolve in their varied life, rush through their ages, and crumble into ashes — all again to feel the quickening spirit of the universe and live new eras.

The great boot stumbles against a stone. At once a hundred million comets dart upward through the little universe.

On a planet in one of the larger solar systems of this universe the most renowned astronomer of his day is gazing through his giant telescope

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

at a particularly brilliant comet. He reaches down and moves a small lever. The immense bulk of the multicomplcated machine, result of centuries of inventive science, swings light as a feather to the touch — perfectly balanced.

A small sand flea, blown from the ground below, crawls slowly across the huge upper lens. Midway the glassy desert it stops a moment to brush its wings. A minute particle of dust falls to the glass with an ethereal clink. As it strikes, the myriad systems of the atom universe within it rush and crash in a vast confusion of fire. Lightning flashes, with the roar and crack of thunder. Flames, billions of "miles" in height dart and leap through space, and the whole seethes in a boiling tumult.

In a large cathedral on one of the tiny worlds as yet untouched, in this chaos, huddles a mass of trembling, moaning people, of whom many lie white and unconscious. The rich calm voice of a priest sounds through the building, and the people bow in prayer. The ground reels heavily, the great cathedral crashes, and black silence reigns supreme. . . .

The old peasant slowly sits up and ruefully rubs a bruised elbow. "Damn that stone!" he mutters.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

To the Jews

WILL GARRETT

University of California

The sunset draws across your face . . .
Slowly . . . slowly,
O Cantor of the Tribulation!
Drumbeats cling about you, trembling . . .
Sad air swirls around you, wailing . . .
Misery and tribulation . . .
Tears, and tintinabulation . . .
 Cling about you, trembling,
 Swirl about you, wailing.
And you beat the breasts of dead and wasted
 hours —
 Hours that are dead with dirt —
 Wasted hours of pain and hurt,
And murmur that your eyes are closed with
 ancient weeping.
The sun-ball is not hidden yet, nor is it dead . . .
Turn your red lips to a smile, raise up your head.
 head.
Lift your hot and glowing eyes,
The empty black before your face

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Will overflow with light . . .
The sunset draws across your face,
Slowly . . . Slowly . . .
O, Cantor of the Tribulation!

The Philosopher Accepts

M. GRANT LUCAS, JR.

Dartmouth College

You say you'd like a walk? Oh well, I'll walk,
Though evenings I prefer to walk alone . . .
Your pardon. Still, I'm somehow solitary
After sundown. I dream, absorbing all
The peace and beauty. Afternoon's the time
For walks that tend to be . . . Well, conversational.

The sunshine warms men to each other. You
can watch

Your fellow's face, the while he spins himself
Into a tapestry for your examining.

But, if I go, promise me not to take affront
To find me brooding . . . paying little heed
To what you say. Twilight's my time for
brooding.

A custom I learned early, of my father;
When, in the dusk, we'd ramble hours together
And not a word would ever pass between us.
My spirit learned to bathe itself in distance.
And does. You'll risked the spoiled evening?
Well, allons! A mile or so, no more.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

I'll bore you likely. Still, I can't refuse
The compliment. But mark . . . I've warned
you.

The door? Oh, leave it open. I've nothing
worthy

Of a thief but books. And thieves, who show
Their lack of wisdom by their furtive calling,
Can little use them. Too, a friend might come,
And locks sit ill with friendship. I believe
The dews are falling. Which road? Ah, the
Needle . . .

A goodly stroll for twilight. You've proper
taste.

Yes, the dews are falling . . .

There's the moon. . . .

The Upper World

LOOTFI MINAS

Brown University

And thus spoke the grand-child to his grandmother: — "Some day men will not be made of dust nor will they be inhabitants of the earth. They will be born into the Upper World with a sun-like body. Their nudity will be the moral law of Nature and Beauty. They will pass by the other planets like comets and will be called human-birds. They will have only one tongue as well as one song. The men of that century will live in marble towers. God will not be able any more to disorder their tongue as He did in Babel. The women will become crystalized and their beauty will lighten the earth. The rainbow will be about their bodies like a ribbon. When a new-born comes to their boundaries the women will escort him, having the stars on their fingers for lighting his way and make him safe in his reaching to the mystery of towers. The new-born, in order to grow, will always raise his hands and his stature to the moon. If one of them stop to sing they will realize that he is dead

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

and will drop his corpse from the tower, laughing loudly. Down below, the civilized gorillas will bury it as a present from heaven. This world will become the cemetery of the upper inhabitants."

The grand-mother, greatly surprised by his wisdom, asked him, "Who will be the God of that century?"

—"The God for them will be dead forever, as well as the notion of Good and Evil. In order to become complete they will like death as much as life, because both life and death supplement each other. Whoever dares to think of the mystery of the universe will be dropped down in the seas as a devil. Innocence will be accepted as superb wisdom."

"Well! What about the law?" she asked.

—"Even a trace of it will be unknown, because men will not have any more causes of anger. The kiss will indicate eternal peace. All men will live in the upper world on terms of equality like stars. They will be born and will die as easily as the sun rises and sets."

The grand-mother fervently raised her skeleton-like hands and begged from the God of her days to make the grand-child an inhabitant of the Upper World.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Cornell Special — Easter Recess

D. E. KEENAN

Cornell University

Sharply, the whistle,
Cleaving the flabby talk of good-byes and good-
wishes,
Writhes like a steel-clad arm between those on
the train and those that crowd on the plat-
form.
Grinding of doors that close, opening windows.
“Good-bye till . . .”
But the heavy bell pounds the words into pulp,
The faces are lumped together.
The train thru its ringed length shudders, un-
coiling,
Tosses a mane, black and white grizzled, and
hisses:
Quivers, shivers, jerks into crawling, starts into
running, darts into flying, — is gone.

“Ah, my dear, you here?” —

“As you see.” — “Indeed.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

I won't talk if you're tired (as you must be) and
need

Some rest. Here's *The Widow* to read.

Won't strain your brain nor your eyes, nor, I
fear,

Your — what do you call 'em? — muscles of
laughter." . . .

Far above Cayuga, the library tower sways,
bends backward, is caught in the hills.

Over my shoulder aslant, Buttermilk spills.

It is good to be here, to be gone, and to feel
Empty mind and the sensuous motion and hum
of the wheel

Grinding the distance to powder with steel upon
steel.

Aimed straight at the hill-side we fly, and miss it
by inches.

Echoes, mighty as boulders, roll down the slopes
against us.

Proudly thru villages, unstopping, disdainful, —
The church-spires crazily dancing, the houses
tumbled together, —

We hurl mocking cinders on washings, inflated
grotesquely,

Blow greasy smoke into the mouth of the little
girl waving to greet us. —

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

"Heavens, I've had a nap!" —

"*Potterism?* What is it? Ceramics stuff?" —

"He's one of those foreigners, Cuban or Jap,
Just which — " "It's a Gossard, too, and
that — "

"We'll beat Penn this time if enough — "

"Damn it all, we've got to have Yap

Or — " "Maud is the cattiest cat!" . . .

The wires swoop down, then leap up at the poles
and catch them.

On each side, like a wheel, the plain is turning,

Two wheels with the track between,

Turning to drive us forward.

Then chaos of hill, tangled belts, and twisted ma-
chinery. —

On, on.

At the curve, I can see the head with the serpent
scale,

And behind, the ruby-lit sting of the tail.

I am tired sitting still.

Gas in my nostrils. Grit on the window sill.

Murmur of talk. And my head droops left,
droops right,

As we hurl thru the rumbling darkness into an
aching night.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

A Prayer for Sight

BELLE CAPLES MORRIS *Johns Hopkins University*

Dear Lord, give me to know
The measure of the greater span
To which mankind shall grow;
Help me to see and understand
The upward trend through all the land,
The worth of things below.

Father, give me to see
The reason of the bitter things
That seemingly must be;
Sin, sorrow, suffering and blight,
And how and when from out their night,
A fuller light shall be.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Attainment

MICHAEL NADEL *College of the City of New York*

Why is the moon so pale tonight, so pale, and
wan, and dead?

Ah! the shade of a dream has brushed its face,
and the shade of a dream has fled.

Why is the sea so calm today, so calm, and cool,
and still?

Ah! 'tis the wake of a storm that raged, and died
at the height of its fill.

Why is the sun so bright today, so bright in its
vaulted way?

Ah! 'tis a smile for God's green earth at the
dawn of a glorious day!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

My Prayer

B. L. SHURTLEFF

Brown University

I ask no cross to mark the spot
Where I may fall,
No monument to grace the site,
No heralds singing of the fight,
But just the rhymes that I may write,
And that is all.

I do not ask for happiness
Upon this earth,
But that my God will bless my pen,
And wring my soul in pain again
In order that I bring to men
Something of worth.

I seek not for a miser's hoard
Of tawdry pelf,
But just a simple life to lead
With scarce enough to fill each need;
My life unto the world I cede,
To find itself.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

There is but one thing I desire,
God grant it me,
That when the lowly and the weak
A steadfast, helpful friend may seek,
My rhymes might come to them and speak,
Pointing to Thee.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

So This Is Hell

ALTHEA THURSTON

University of Utah

So this is hell, the place I've read of,
And always told to have great dread of,
Because it has a fiery furnace,
Where you, my Lord, would surely burn us.
The devil smiled, his black eyes snapping,
His cloven hoof a tattoo tapping;
"Old stuff, my boy," he suavely said,
"I have a better plan instead.
Here, each one finds his heart's desire;
The thing he longed for and did aspire
On earth to clasp and hold so dear,
Is ever with him, right down here."
Then why, I said, should one rebel?
That's fair enough, — so this is hell.

The devil grinned, no doubt in malice,
And said he'd show me through his palace.
I begged him then to please conduct me,
And also asked could he instruct me
Why we're taught from time's beginning
That he would punish all our sinning?

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Old Satan laughed and waved his hand,
"Come," he said, "and you'll understand."
Then he led me to the lift,
Which shot us downward sure and swift.
Down and down far down below,
A million miles or more I know.
But I laughed gayly as we fell,
And murmured softly, — so this is hell.

First I saw a well-dressed rabble
Surround a lady and begin to gabble.
She had a face all worn and weary,
Her lips were pale and eyes so dreary.
The smirking throng kept up a bowing,
And made to her profound kowtowing.
They praised her hair, her clothes so pretty,
Exclaimed how smart she was, and witty;
But all the time she softly wept
Because her faith she had not kept
With motherhood; but her every hour
Had been used in gaining social power.
No, earth's desire he did not quell,
I saw his scheme, — so this is hell.

I turned away and heard a moaning,
A sort of wretched, horrid groaning;
It chilled me through and greatly shocked me,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And I rather thought the devil mocked me.
Then I saw a thing diabolic,
It was a lake full alcoholic.
A man was out there in a boat,
Which the strong liquor kept afloat.
His lolling tongue was cracked with thirst,
And he raved and moaned and vilely cursed;
For each time that he sought to drink,
The lake would draw away and shrink.
On earth he's loved the thing too well;
I weakly murmured, — so this is hell.

It seemed a wicked way to serve us,
And I was getting very nervous.
I thought the devil looked quite knowing,
When I remarked, I'd best be going;
He flipped his tail and cruelly said,
"Have you forgotten that you're dead,
And have come to live with me?"
Then he laughed in hellish glee.
I bowed my head, my heart turned cold,
My earth's desire had been for gold.
I'd cheated friends, and always trod
The weak ones down to gain my god.
What would he do? I could not tell,
I sickly muttered, — so this is hell.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Old Satan winked, his finger crooking,
Said, "Come with me if you're tired of looking."
Down through a hall with many a turning,
He dragged me, all my prayers quite spurning.
He thrust me in a room all yellow,
And roared with sort of bullish bellow,
"Here with your gold, your best loved friend,
All eternity you shall spend.
On earth you always did enjoin
That nothing talked so well as coin,
So you and gold have one long chat,
You'll not be bothered, I'll see to that."

As he locked him in his golden cell,
A voice screamed out, — "Oh, this is hell."

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

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THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Shuttles

FRANCES COCKE

Barnard College

That maple tree is a slender loom,
The sun is a shuttle of gold,
And it weaves through all of a summer day
Shadows, fold on fold.
More delicate fabrics queen ne'er wore,
Nor Eastern merchant sold.

My heart is a strong, true, faithful loom,
Your love is a shuttle of gold.
But what of the spinning? Its shimmer and
gleam
No poet hath fitly told.
Only God knows, so I choose his hands
My finished webs to hold.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Memory

DOROTHEA WESTLAKE *University of Michigan*

Memory is an old grey woman

Who sits at the heart's gateway;
Knitting, endlessly knitting
Her garment of grey, dull grey.

Her skirts sweep back till the fringe is lost
On the edge of the world's first day;
But it falls from her hand in a sullen stream
Of grey, monotonous grey.

There where Memory's dress is lost
On the morning's gold-white rim,
Are all the suns of the youth of us
And the things that are old and dim.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

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THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

On the fringe of the dress are the butterflies;
Bright gossamer playthings of old;
The dress is no longer grey, dull grey,
But azure, and crimson, and gold.

The farthest folds of her long, long dress
Are lambent colors that leap and play;
But we do not look at her hands where she knits,
For there it is grey, dull grey.

The Jeweler

ARTHUR R. CURRY

University of Illinois

The jeweler put out a velvet pad,
Pleasing to touch and yellow as pure gold.
Thereon he placed a row of glowing rubies;
Then, nearer me, a row of cold, white diamonds;
And last, a row of tranquil amethysts.
Then looking up to catch my admiration,
"These," he said, pointing, "are erotic sonnets;
And these are poems of the intellect;
And these are of devotion and the spirit.
Some lapidary, taking stones of value,
Has made them into gems of sparkling beauty.
But see you this," he said, the while withdrawing
A purple pad whereon a necklace lay,
A coil of lucent pearls. He raised them up
And fondled them between us and the light.
"No lapidary, friend, is vain enough
To touch an instrument to one of these.
These are the lovely thoughts that move in beauty
Like maidens sporting in a lily pond."
He coiled the necklace on the purple pad;

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Then, looking up, but pointing while he spoke:
"This is the poetry that needs no art
But that inherent in the form God gave it.
We make our diamonds, but we search for
pearls."

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

In Prison

MAXWELL E. FOSTER

Yale University

I always hated little things,
And that is why
Fate laughs, and in her humor brings
A little sky.

I always hated pale, wan light
So she must place
This faded, limpid moon each night
Before my face.

You see, my friend, these iron bars?
I hated these.
I loved the freedom of the stars,
The winds, the seas.

But God tries to alleviate
And sympathize,
And so he has, to trick old Fate,
Put out my eyes.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

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ALTHEA THURSTON

University of Utah

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And always told to have great dread of,
Because it has a fiery furnace,
Where you, my Lord, would surely burn us.
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A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

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A sort of wretched, horrid groaning;
It chilled me through and greatly shocked me,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

On the Death of Theodore Roosevelt
January 6, 1919.

READ BAIN

University of Oregon

I cannot read today.
The page is blurs.
A surge of blind dismay
Within me stirs
As if some solemn voice had slowly said,
“Dead! he is dead!”

I cannot see the sun
Or hear the birds.
Harsh grief for that great one
Forms but these words
And clangs them like a battle thru my head:
“Dead! dead! dead!”

I cannot think or feel.
My mind is void.
Fate's whirring, senseless wheel
Has *him* destroyed!
That man who never followed, always led, —
Dead! he is dead!

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A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Sturdy he stood to the forefront wherever the
fighting rumbled,
Battle of brain or of muscle, he never was faltering
found;
Weak men around him trembled, false ram-
parts cracked and crumbled,
But always he stood to the struggle, fighting
each foot of the ground.

He never was made for a party: too great was
his aspiring,
Too far his world-wide vision, to knuckle to
clique or clan;
He was destined for fame's green laurels. Tho
not of his own desiring,
He wore them as masters wear them, — master,
yet common man.

Wherever the fight was thickest, there was his
banner flying;
He spoke great words and he lived them, shap-
ing his pledges to deeds;
"American" pulsed in his heart beats, and
Americans all are trying
To see and improve his vision and follow wher-
ever it leads!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And hence we shall not weep

For him we miss.

His death is but a leap

To There from This.

For such as he, oblivion holds no dread:

He is not dead.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

First Bitterness

GEORGE CRAIN *University of North Dakota*

Tell me, why did Death take my flower
When doctors skilled, connived
To save his life,
While the nine half-breed children
In the hut below the mill
Ran barefoot thru the snow
Regardless of the fearful plague
And thrived?

Was he too beautiful for earth,
Our infant son?
You envied us his smile so sweet,
And took our longed-for son,
You fiend!
You hated us because he was so fair,
And would not let him eat,
While old drunken Potter
Thrown half across the street
By a fast-going taxicab,
Revived!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

He was the summit of our love
The flower of our two years wedded joy.
A brief two years of happiness,
And now the pain,
Oh God, our baby boy!
While down Fish alley
Molly Belatt,
Cursed her healthy, unwelcome bastard brat.

Death took our first-born son;
Love could not hold him.
The hours we spent in visioning his life
With us from babyhood to manhood
Mock and jibe;
And every moment of our love and care for him
Shrieks out of corners where we run to hide
Our bitterness.
“They must have needed angels”
His mother said.
(There is no heaven)
You took him,
Dead!
Yet widow Paulson lay for years
Groaning with pain upon her invalid’s bed.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The Coffin In the Express-House

B. A. BOTKIN

Columbia University

Deaf to the rumble of trucks on the floor,
Endlessly winding from door to door,

Blind to the bending and straining men
That reap confusion and sow it again,

Strangely remote, in a corner it lies,
Still with a quiet that shuts out their cries.

What is the aching and heart-breaking day
To "Remains of—in transit," a box on its
way,

Awaiting mid ribald laughter and oath
The decorous hearse — oblivious of both!

For me in the heat and the dust it is good
To gaze at the coolly impersonal wood,

And check a pilfering craving to reach
Into a crate for a blooming peach.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

With a look that is sad and imperious and wise,
It chastens and chides my mouth and eyes,

Purging me, lifting above the roar
To the souls in transit from shore to shore.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Finis

PAUL DE WITT PAGE

Georgetown College

I dreamt I knelt beside the couch, oh sweet,
Where you lay dying; that your fairy feet
 Were stilled at last
From dancing and your face was bleak and
 gray
As if for sorrow of some bitter day
 In the dead past.

The glory of your swift and sun-kissed hair
Lay framed about your face, where brooding
 care
 Had graven deep
And tear-washed lines. Your pale face wore a
 frown
And quivering your eyelids fluttered down
 As if to sleep.

You knew me at the end. Through parted lips
You murmured softly, "Not my finger-tips."
 And from the bed
— Oh, as the lily lifts her pallid cup —
To meet my kiss your wan face lifted up
 And you were dead.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Francesco Passes

LAURENCE HARRIS

Yale University

Close the great book: make fast the jewelled
clasps.

Pale years and purple years have slowly
passed

In shadow file, livid and purple asps,
Creeping and sliding, crawling until the last
Has reached the sunless moor at Earth's gray
rim,

Where burning sands grow cold and gold sands
dim.

The winds, long rising, surge now at the door.
Ten thousand tongues are tempting in their
calls.

The rubied embers of the dying fire
Send frenzied dancers up and down the walls.

Black velvet! White, white throat! What —
nevermore?

Always those calls and now a distant lyre!
Then gently close the book. The end is writ.

Ah, Laura! If this be the end of it. . . .

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Immortality

CATHERINE URELL

Elmira College

I dreamed that Love might live again
If I should touch his brow;
That eyes, from the deepening dusk gone blind,
Opened by light reborn, might find
Fresh blooms in faded flowers, old ways
Verdant with sweet returnings, rays
Clear-darting from the burned-out vow.
I dreamed that Love might live again
If I should touch his brow.

I sought the lofty groves of death,
And found Love lying there.
Nature his beauty still revered;
Grey healing in the veil appeared
Which swathed his limbs' reposeful grace;
A mystic radiance o'er his face
Shone deathless, dreamless, dim, and fair.
So peaceful was his smile-in-death
I left Love lying there.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The City of Hidden Knowledge

HAROLD McMURRY

College of the Pacific

I think I read this story in an old, forgotten
book

That I found upon a dusty shelf in Mahoun's
curio booth,

Lying by a Buddha with an all-world-knowing
look;

Or maybe once I dreamed it, though I always
felt its truth. . . .

Off far within the desert of Goroma stark with
bale,

Where the wolves that feed on nothing howl
throughout the oven night,

And glassy shadows of the damned 'neath
coppery sun dance pale,

You may see the yellow walls of Koloth deathly
bright.

They say the gods once cursed it in a day of
anger blind,

So the stillness of a living death hangs brood-
ing o'er its gates—

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The gates with gems encrusted such as man has
never mined,
And the walls traced o'er with frescoes of a
thousand futures' fates.

Within a scent of sandal-wood hung o'er the
market place;
In darkened rooms great Giants slept upon
the torrid floors;
And thick brown moss upon the walks lay
whispering at my pace;
The whispers fled at my approach down
soundless corridors.

The fear of stillness chilled my soul and a spirit
found me shaken:
"Why sleep they all so soundly in this city
parched and hoar?"
It answered without speaking: "Hold your
peace, for if they waken,
The gods that day will die and trusting man
will dream no more."

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Infinite Purpose

CHARLTON G. LAIRD *State University of Iowa*

I've pondered much on immortality,
And wondered often, "Where am I to go?"
Considering life, and how the ebb and flow
Will merge its tide into eternity.
God lives in man and nature. I can see
His tenderness in violets blooming low,
His spirit crystallized in each flake of snow
And gloried by each soul-portraying tree.
I do not know of what I am a part.
In some great movement or some petty plan
I'll find the place where I can best serve man,
And there I'll live the fullness of my heart.
I know that God is but simplicity;
My heaven lies where'er love kisses me.

Other Poems of Distinction

ACADIA UNIVERSITY

High on the Hill	<i>A. W. Boulter</i>
Grandfather Sun	<i>E. R. Fash</i>
Spring	<i>H. D. Fritz</i>
The End of the Rainbow	<i>H. S. Thurston</i>

AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE

Youth	<i>Elizabeth Enloe</i>
'Tis a Changeful Thing	<i>Mary Anne Justice</i>
The Flight of Daphne	<i>Charlotte Newton</i>

ALBRIGHT COLLEGE

The Banker	<i>Jacob B. Troutman</i>
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AMHERST COLLEGE

Mrs. Bardwell	<i>E. A. Richards</i>
Katydid	<i>W. H. Root</i>

ATHENS SCHOOL

The Works of God	<i>Ralph O. Taylor</i>
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OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

BARNARD COLLEGE

The Green	<i>Isabel E. Rathborne</i>
Your Love	<i>Jewel Wurtzbaugh</i>

BAYLOR UNIVERSITY

Commencement	<i>J. Adrian Dowdle</i>
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BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Thoughts	<i>Phyllis Coate</i>
Spring Psalm	<i>Marion Coon</i>
Sunset Time	<i>Valerie Holbrook Jenkins</i>

BROWN UNIVERSITY

Kipling in India	<i>William B. Blake</i>
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CAMPION COLLEGE

Hill-music	<i>Hugh John Sedgewick</i>
A Baby's Secret	<i>Bernard C. Johnson</i>

CARTHAGE COLLEGE

Unfold Thy Charms	<i>Babette Kaltenbach</i>
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COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Onward	<i>C. I. Glicksberg</i>
Trees in November	<i>William Needles</i>
The Lunatic's Tale	<i>William N. Sternberg</i>

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

The Lane	<i>Margaret Louise Goreth</i>
Moon Path	<i>William S. Knickerbocker</i>

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

Marcus Aurelius	<i>Virgil Markham</i>
To Si-ling-she	<i>Hope Satterthwaite</i>

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

Destiny	<i>H. Pennington Hale</i>
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DEPAUW UNIVERSITY

Coeducation	<i>W. V. Brown</i>
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EARLHAM COLLEGE

A Cat-Nap	<i>Ruth Blossom</i>
On a Sailing Vessel, Hailed From an Ocean Liner	<i>Howard Yarnall</i>
Venit Virgo	<i>Paul Heironimus</i>

ELMIRA COLLEGE

To Jean	<i>Julia Evelyn Clark</i>
Excuse	<i>Katharine Henning</i>

EMORY UNIVERSITY

To the Mock-Bird	<i>Charles Bowie Millican</i>
Hard Times	<i>Thomas Croom Partridge</i>
A Crowd	<i>A. C. Stubbs</i>

GEORGIA TECHNOLOGY

Raptureland	<i>Iver Henry Granath</i>
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OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE

The Masterpiece	<i>Hudson C. Grunewald</i>
Lines Written on the Death of	
Terence MacSwiney	<i>Thomas D. Kernan</i>
If You Were There	<i>Claiborne Lafferty</i>
The Crowning of the King	<i>Edward McIntyre</i>

GRINNELL COLLEGE

The Pines	<i>Margaret McWilliams</i>
The Desert	<i>Charles E. Noyes</i>

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

God-hoppers	<i>John Steidl</i>
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HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

Ode to Night	<i>William E. Berry</i>
Stabat Mater	<i>Raymond A. Kearney</i>

HOLLINS COLLEGE

Unheard Music	<i>Mary McKinney</i>
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HUNTER COLLEGE

The Rose	<i>Edith Albert</i>
In Autumn	<i>Bessie Becker</i>
The Conqueror	<i>Madeline Davidson</i>

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY

That Radiant Monarch	<i>John Clifford Roberts</i>
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OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

MACALESTER COLLEGE

Morn and Eve	<i>Maud A. McMahon</i>
To Nature	<i>Meryl J. Pederson</i>
A Case of One Fool Thing	
After Another	<i>E. P. Boyden</i>

MCGILL UNIVERSITY

Darkness and Light	<i>E. C. Common</i>
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MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE

Gossips	<i>Harriet M. Cogswell</i>
The Banshee	<i>Viola J. Don</i>
Home	<i>Mary Esther Dykema</i>
Rain Epics	<i>Miss S. R. McLean</i>
The Dunes	<i>Margaret Truesdell</i>

NEWCOMB COLLEGE OF TULANE

Willow Trees	<i>Clara Lewis</i>
Caedmon, to the Abbess Hilda	<i>Lois K. Pelton</i>

MIAMI UNIVERSITY

Possession	<i>Norma Lee Knight</i>
The Relic	<i>Carolyn C. Murphy</i>
To a Cigarette	<i>Dudley H. Robinson</i>
There Is a Song	<i>Paul Weidner</i>

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

A Prayer	<i>Miss Doris Upton</i>
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OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

MILLIKEN UNIVERSITY

Repose

Ida Baker

MILTON COLLEGE

To a Forgotten Greek Pantheist *Mabel F. Arbuthnot*

NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

The Beech

Mary H. Blair

Folk Song

E. C. Lindeman

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

The Butterfly

Edward Staadt

OBERLIN COLLEGE

Moonbeams

Ursula F. Wilder

OHIO UNIVERSITY

Memoire

Kenneth B. Johnston

Musings of the Sundial

J. Wynne Vernon

RANDOLPH-MACON WOMAN'S COLLEGE

Ballade of an Artist

Susan Duncan

Forgotten Dreams

Anna Clyde Porter

ROCKFORD COLLEGE

Falling Stars

Katharine B. Cocke

The Bird of Paradise

Mildred M. Gollwitzer

The Dream-Lady's Garden

Lucile Lathrop

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

SHURTLEFF COLLEGE

Sunrise

Orlo Brees

SIMPSON COLLEGE

Thirty Millions of Yellow Men
Memorial

Allan Stanley
James Walls

SMITH COLLEGE

The Parade
Four Walls

Dorothy Butts
Marion Ellet

ST. CATHERINE'S COLLEGE

A Love Song
If I Were a Bird
Sailing

Marcella P. Frank
Alice Smith
Aimee White

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, DAYTON, OHIO

Nature
Evening on the Ægean
To the Departed Prince
The Traveler

Anthony W. Hemmert
John H. Holtvoigt
R. J. Kitsteiner
Charles J. Murray

TRINITY COLLEGE, NORTH CAROLINA

The Crooning of the Sea

Robert T. Dunstan

TRINITY COLLEGE

To Our Cardinal

Katharine McCormick

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Woman to Her Fading Youth	<i>Josephine Brown</i>
Aspiration	<i>Jack Lyons</i>
Dance of the Vapors	<i>Stephen C. Pepper</i>
Seeking and Finding Not	<i>Paul Tanaquil</i>

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

White Nights	<i>Rebecca Emery</i>
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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Alms	<i>Lois Ferne Seyster</i>
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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Egypt	<i>Hardy Hoover</i>
Passing Camel Train on the Road to Teheran	<i>N. Ermentrude Martin</i>
Desire	<i>Helen Master</i>

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Fascination	<i>Lillias B. Hannah</i>
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STATE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

Indian Girls	<i>Verne Linderman</i>
The Trout	<i>Donald Stevens</i>
Light and Shadow, the Painter Speaks	<i>Mary E. Doerr</i>
The Seasons	<i>Philip R. White</i>
To a Barbed Wire Fence	<i>Jack Stone</i>
You Are Returning	<i>Lloyd S. Thompson</i>

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

To My Friend	<i>Louis Bruggner</i>
The Janitor	<i>Harold E. McKee</i>

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA

To An Old Indian	<i>Rudolph Hill</i>
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UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER

Proxy	<i>Katharine Anderson</i>
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UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Fancies	<i>Dorothy Hawley Cartright</i>
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UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

Sufficiency	<i>Gladys La Due Evans</i>
Song of the Idealist	<i>Ruth Harwood</i>
The Wind in a Temper	<i>Leah Rigby</i>
Appreciation	<i>Hazel Catherine Selby</i>
A Wood-Note	<i>Madelyn Stewart</i>

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

The Winds Blow East or West	<i>Chas. Edgar Gilliam</i>
Fairy Tears	<i>M. C. Harrison</i>
Tutus	<i>S. M. Kootz</i>

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Don't Spoil My Circle	<i>Waldo W. Batten</i>
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OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

A Christmas Vision *A. R. Whitehurst*

WESLEY COLLEGE

The Storm *Julius B. King*

WESTHAMPTON COLLEGE

Glimpses from a Train Window *Peggy Butterfield*

On Broad Street *B. U. Davenport*

The Walled Garden *Polly Simpson*

THE WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE

Impressions *Janet Coleman*

Wealth *Marguerite Jenkins*

Juventus Mundi *John Andrew Withrow*

YALE UNIVERSITY

Leaves and Bayberries *Oscar Davisson*

Errant *Cyril Hume*

Domnei *J. A. Thomas*

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